

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION AT PORT ROYAL.

We continue this week our illustrations of the last operations against the so-called "Confederate States."

Town of Beaufort—Destruction of Guns, etc., at the Arsenal at Beaufort.

After the capture of the Forts Walker and Beauregard on the 7th November, and the consequent retreat of the Confederate forces,

under Gen. Drayton and Col. Elliott, into the interior, Com. Dupont and Gen. Sherman, accompanied by Capt. Davis, the fleet captain, the two Captains Rogers, and other officers, went on board the gunboat Seneca, Capt. Ammon, and proceeded as far as Beaufort, to examine the condition of the deserted town. Having fully described this town before, we shall confine ourselves now to our illustrations. The Seneca got up to Beaufort, which is about 15 miles from the entrance of Port Royal, at noon, and found the town quite deserted by its white inhabitants, except one man, who was decidedly the worse

for liquor; the negroes were in full possession, and had commenced a Saturnalia of destruction. The houses are mostly built of wood, painted white; they have green verandah blinds as well as balconies, and have a great air of prettiness and comfort. On the wharves stood a lot of lazy negroes, looking on with intense eagerness at our gunboats. The *Tribune* correspondent says:

"No sooner had we put foot on shore than the melancholy experiences of the day began. A warehouse on the wharf had been broken in and its contents pillaged; the relics of stores of food were



GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION—DESTRUCTION OF GUNS AND GUN CARRIAGES AT THE ARSENAL, BEAUFORT, S. C., BY CAPTAIN AMMON, OF THE U. S. GUNBOAT SENECA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE SPOT.

straw around, empty barrels, broken doors and windows, cases of liquor or oils upset, and wanton destruction of every sort perpetrated upon the property, and this was but a sample of what we were destined to meet at every step. All the shops and stores were rifled; the Post-Office despoiled, and on the doorsteps some fragments only told what had once been written. Not a white man was to be seen beside those of our own party. Capt. Rogers, of the Wabash, immediately distributed his men around so as to guard against surprise, and gave strict orders that not an article should be removed from the village. The negroes whom we had seen before landing had got away with their plunder, but other groups lounged around, touching their hats to us, or, in default of hats, pulling their shaggy wool, and seemed anxious to talk. We asked where were the white people; "All gone, massa; gone the day of the fight—left we behind." Their story was uniform. Their masters had fled with the greatest precipitation so soon as the firing commenced at Port Royal. Some, indeed, had left even earlier, but not one now remained. They had endeavored to persuade or force the blacks to accompany them, but in vain."

(Continued on page 39.)

Barnum's American Museum.

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FRANK LESLIE, Publisher—E. G. SQUIER, Editor.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 7, 1861.

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Great Britain and the Capture of Mason and Slidell.

As the public well knows, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, citizens of the United States, in rebellion against their Government, were captured on board the British Mail Steamer Trent, on the high seas, November 8th, by Com. Wilkes of the U. S. war vessel San Jacinto. These men were proceeding to Europe as Ambassadors from the so-called "Confederate States," which as yet have no National recognition, and which are in a state of active rebellion.

These are the simple facts of the case, without dispute from any quarter. Leaving out of view for the present the circumstance that Com. Wilkes acted in the matter without orders from his Government, and on his own responsibility, and accepting the act, as the people have accepted and are prepared to sustain it, as a National act, we come at once to the question, "Have National armed ships the right to visit and search neutral vessels on the high seas in time of war, when there is reason for believing that they are engaged in contraband traffic, or giving aid to the enemy, either in carrying officers, soldiers or dispatches from or for the enemy? and if they have the right, have they the logical and consequent one of seizing and removing such contraband of war, or such officers, soldiers and dispatches?"

The answer to these questions may be found in every accepted exposition of International Law, where all these rights are distinctly affirmed to the extent of making every vessel engaged in carrying contraband of war for either belligerent power, or officers, or men, or even dispatches, liable to seizure and confiscation by the National ships of such belligerents. Vessels have been seized by almost every European nation in virtue of this right, and have been repeatedly condemned and sold for carrying dispatches for the enemy, and that, too, in cases where the officers of such vessels were ignorant of the fact that they had such dispatches on board. It is idle to split hairs on the question, whether Ambassadors are "officers," or whether their papers may be regarded as "dispatches." They would be "dispatches," if directed to the officers and carried by a third hand; and it is puerile trifling to say that they are changed in character by being in first hands. Besides, an Ambassador is an embodied dispatch, the very source and head whence dispatches emanate.

The principle in the case is unaffected by technicalities or play on words; and this principle, than which none in International Law is better established, is, that National war vessels have the right, in time of war, to search the vessels of neutral nations, and take from them property or persons in the interest or employ of the enemy, and such vessels may, in the discretion of the National cruiser, be seized and confiscated as lawful prizes. Upon this point citations from works on International Law, and decisions of Courts, might be multiplied to an indefinite extent. We make but one from the decision of Lord Stowell, whose authority no Englishman will presume to question, in the case of a vessel called the Maria:

"The right of visiting and searching merchant ships upon the high seas, whatever be the ships, whatever be the cargoes, whatever be the destinations, is an incontestable right of the lawfully commissioned cruisers of a belligerent nation. * * * This right is so clear in principle that no man can deny it who admits the legality of maritime capture. * * * The right is equally clear in practice, for practice is uniform and universal upon this subject. The many European treaties which refer to this right, refer to it as pre-existing, and merely regulate the exercise of it. All writers upon the law of nations unanimously acknowledge it. In short, no man in the least degree conversant with subjects of this kind has ever, that I know of, breathed a doubt upon it."

The only interpretation of the law of universal usage and consent in relation to this right of search which the United States has insisted on, is that it shall be exercised only in

time of war, and then only by the public vessels of the belligerents. Our position, in this respect, is stated by Mr. Cass, as Secretary of State, in a dispatch to Mr. Dallas, dated February 26, 1859:

"There is no right of visit, except, as Lord Stowell said, from the belligerent claim. The forcible visitation of vessels upon the ocean is prohibited by the law of nations in time of peace, and this exemption from foreign jurisdiction is now recognized by Great Britain, and, it is believed, by all other commercial powers."

Now then, how far does these acknowledged principles of International Law apply to the matter of Messrs. Mason and Slidell? Precedents, in cases like theirs, cannot, in the nature of things, be numerous; but fortunately there is one parallel in every particular, in which Great Britain was the actor. We refer to the case of Henry Laurens, who had been President of Congress, and who was sent during the American Revolution, when we were "rebels," as Minister to Holland, precisely as Mason was sent to England, with instructions to secure the recognition of our Independence, to conclude a treaty and to negotiate a loan in that country. He remained a long time at Charleston, seeking means to reach his destination, and finally, in February, 1780, went on board the Adriana, a fast-sailing brigantine, the master of which engaged, in spite of the British fleet, to carry him to Martinique. It was not until August that he took passage for Holland in a Dutch packet, the Mercury, which was overhauled when three days out by the British frigate Vestal. His dispatches were seized, and from the evidence of sympathy with this country which they contained, Great Britain made war on Holland, while Mr. Laurens was taken to England and committed to the Tower of London, on a charge of high treason, and there confined until the conclusion of the war.

There is not a single feature wanting to constitute a complete parallel between the case of Mason and Slidell, and that of Henry Laurens. In both instances the ambassadors were sent from a "rebel" to a neutral power; in both cases they slipped the blockade in their own vessels, and singularly enough from the very same port; in both cases they were taken from the vessels of a neutral power on the high seas.

Has the precedent thus established by Great Britain been in any way set aside by her since 1780? Decidedly not. We might refer to several cases establishing her principles and policy in respect of such seizures, such as that of the seizure of the Caroline in the Niagara river, and the capture of the Irish refugee McManus, on an American ship, in 1848.

The case, however, is not one dependent on precedent for its decision. It is, as we have said, one that comes clearly under the canons of International Law, by which Commodore Wilkes's conduct will be sustained and vindicated. Under the Law of Nations, Commodore Wilkes would have been justified in capturing the vessel carrying Mason and Slidell; first, because she was engaged in conveying the enemy's dispatches; second, because the officers of the Trent refused to exhibit the ship's papers; and third, because she had on board officers of the rebels, or contraband Ambassadors. So far, then, from having cause of complaint against the United States for the action of Commodore Wilkes, Great Britain should be thankful to him for his moderation. His forbearance should be accepted as evincing a friendly spirit towards the Government and people of England, for which that Government should make acknowledgment.

The Trent, in taking aboard Mason and Slidell and their despatches, not only violated the Law of Nations, but also the Queen's Proclamation, which prohibits her subjects from "conveying officers, soldiers, dispatches, arms, &c., for the use or service of either of the contending parties."

As regards the word "officers," it cannot be pretended that it means military any more than civil or diplomatic officers. The purpose of the Proclamation is to prevent either belligerent from making use of the vessels of Great Britain in any way to the detriment of the other—whether in the way of carrying arms, supplies, dispatches, officers or soldiers. Unless it can be shown that the wily diplomatic officers of the belligerents can in no way act to the detriment of the other, then their inclusion, on every rule of interpretation, in the prohibitions of the Proclamation must be conceded. This point is amply covered by the decision of Lord Stowell, in the case of the Orozambo, an American vessel, bound from Lisbon to Macao, both neutral ports. She had on board, when she was captured by a British cruiser (England being then at war with Holland), three Dutch military officers and two persons in civil departments in the Government of Batavia, a Dutch colony. Lord Stowell forfeited the vessel, on the ground that she was carrying the military men, and as to the civil officers he says:

"Whether the principle would apply to them alone I do not feel it necessary to determine. I am not aware of any case in which that question has been agitated; but it appears to me, on principle, to be but reasonable that whenever it is of sufficient importance to the enemy that such persons should be sent out on the public service, at the public expense, it should afford equal ground of forfeiture against the vessel."

Great Britain, we are aware, has a convenient way of interpolating International Law to suit her own convenience; but in this case she cannot nullify its plainest provisions in the face of her own practices and the repeated decisions of her highest Courts and jurists. She may consider herself fortunate that the Trent is not to-day a lawfully condemned prize in an American port.

John Bull and American Finance.

WHEN will the publicists and financial writers of Great Britain learn that the United States is financially as well as politically independent? When the war broke out, Bull buttoned up his breeches pockets with great ostentation, and the English press, from *Punch* down to the *Times*, commenced to prejudice the moneyed public against American loans. "They were not going to furnish the money for the war, not they, and the Yankees might as well submit to Secession at once!" But Jonathan did not require to ask financial favors of anybody, and quietly put his hand in his own pocket where he found all the change he wanted. Bull opened his eyes somewhat, but consoled himself by saying, "Very well, my boy, but there's the end of it, and you needn't come to me for the next \$50,000,000!" Nor did

Jonathan go to him, but again put his hand in his pocket and drew out the little millions required by Mr. Chase. But Bull—stupid old Bull, who can't see how it is that a son may grow as big and as rich as his father!—stupid old Bull, although confessing to a little surprise, accounted for the apparition of the gold by saying, "Ah, yes! you get this by paying 7 3-10 per cent.; the next lot, if you get it at all, will cost you double that—and mind, don't come to me!" Meanwhile Mr. Bull forgot that he received no more of our California gold, and that his own was slipping over to our side of the water in millions, to pay for the corn which he couldn't raise at home.

Well, Mr. Chase has called in on his New York friends for the next lot, only \$100,000,000, which Bull predicted he couldn't get at all, or if at all, only at a ruinous per cent. And what, peevish, carping, jealous, disagreeable old Bull, do you suppose was the result of Mr. Chase's application? "Every successive loan," says your smart *Saturday Review*, "will be more and more difficult to get, and only be got at extravagant and ruinous rates." But did Mr. Chase pay 10 or 12 or 15 per cent. for his \$100,000,000? Quite the reverse; he got it at six per cent.—one and three-tenths per cent. less than was paid for the previous loan. In other words, Mr. Chase negotiated his hundred millions, 20 years to run, at six per cent. per annum.

Now what has Mr. Bull to say? What new evil prognostication will he console himself with? To suppose him capable of admitting that he has underrated our wealth as well as our power, and that his predictions were founded on his ignorance and inspired by his hate, is to suppose him capable of changing his nature. If our financial success has not taken his conceit out of him, we have only to call his attention to one or two items of statistics, which we think will tend to slightly modify his notions of his own greatness and independence:

Item No. 1.—The imports of foreign manufactures into New York since the 1st of January last have been 50 per cent., or in round numbers, \$100,000,000 less than during the corresponding months last year.

Item No. 2.—The exports of produce and merchandise from this port during the above period have been 30 per cent., or \$30,000,000 more than during the corresponding months of last year.

Item No. 3.—The export of specie from this port during the same period has fallen off \$40,000,000.

Item No. 4.—More than \$15,000,000 have been sent to New York from England, and added to our stock of gold.

Summary.—The cash gain to the United States for the first 10 months of this year, over the corresponding months of last year, in round numbers, is \$200,000,000.

Advice (to Bull)—"Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Let us Cackle!

WE made a very brilliant dash at Hatteras, and straightway our officers in command, instead of following up their success as they might have done, and captured Fort Macon and occupied the North Carolina Beaufort, came home and cackled! They cackled from hotel balconies, and the tall ends of railway trains, and wrote exulting letters. A great "to do" was had all over the country. Meantime a couple of regiments were sent to Hatteras. One was put down in the middle of a dreary sand spit, forty miles from everywhere, without provisions, supplies or support of any kind. Our redoubtable navy, reduced to a miserable tugboat, was sent up to them with something to eat and—was taken by the enemy. The day after, the unfortunate regiment that had been dumped down in a desert was obliged to run before an overwhelming rebel force, and take refuge in Fort Hatteras, which the sea has lately nearly washed away. And ever since we have been on the defensive on our gloriously won sandbank! The rebel steamers roam at will through Pamlico Sound, amusing themselves occasionally by coming up and practising on us with shot and shell. The whole line of inland water communication from Beaufort northward through Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, and the Dismal Swamp Canal, to Norfolk, still remains open to rebel traffic. And yet half a dozen well armed, light draft vessels might thoroughly clear those waters, and cut off one great means of communication between Virginia and the South.

There is a fear, not unwarranted by our past experience, that this Port Royal affair may turn out but little better than that at Hatteras. We are justified in a modest crow over the success of the fleet; but Heaven forbid that we shall cackle, and cackle, and do nothing, until the enemy shall have concentrated his forces, built fortifications, and blockaded us on Hilton Head. According to Governor Pickens's own statement to the South Carolina Legislature, on the 6th of November, there were then less than 6,000 men in the State prepared to take the field, and these from necessity much scattered. Already we hear of extensive preparations to protect the railway between Charleston and Savannah, of the fortification of Coosawatchie, commanding that road, and of the rapid conscription and concentration of troops to oppose our march inland. There is no earthly doubt that the railway could have been destroyed and either Savannah or Charleston taken, if General Sherman had moved on either point within five days after landing. There may be good reasons for his not attempting to do so—but we greatly dread another Hatteras fiasco. A successful blow in war should be followed up sharply. Had Beauregard "gone ahead" after the affair at Bull Run, he would have taken Washington. Had Butler and Stringham pressed on to Wilmington and Beaufort, we should have had North Carolina to-day. But then we shouldn't have had time to cackle!

The Life of a Special Artist.

THE life of a "Special Artist," like that of a "Special Correspondent," although full of adventure and excitement, is not altogether halcyon. Apart from the arrogance they have to support, and the rebuffs which they have to put up with from an occasional officer "clothed with a little brief authority," the "Specials" have also to share in all the fatigues and vexations of camp life, endure long

marches, and not unfrequently go to a hard or soaking bed supperless. Then they have to sketch and write under all conceivable circumstances of discomfort and inconvenience; and yet their sketches are expected to be accurate and spirited, and their accounts racy and complete. As a general rule, their labors and efforts are understood and appreciated by both officers and soldiers, who well know that History is to be written from the materials which these laborious men are gathering together so assiduously. Occasionally, however, as we have intimated, they encounter some pompous fool or martinet, who thinks himself the centre of the military system of creation, who affects great contempt for the "Specials," and who either entirely obstructs their labors, or nullifies them with absurd restrictions. The two military geniuses most renowned for their rigor in this line, it is rather remarkable, have shown least ability and vigor in the field—we refer to General Stone, the responsible author of the murderous blunder at Ball's Bluff, and General Sherman, whom the Government has judiciously relieved from command in Kentucky. We extract from a letter from "Our Special Artist" in Kentucky the following memorandum of his interview with General Sherman, some weeks ago:

"I presented my letter of introduction from General Banks to the Commander-in-Chief, when a dialogue much like the following ensued: 'General Sherman—Well, sir, I am glad General Banks reports being so well satisfied with your conduct. I have steadily refused to admit reporters of any kind within my lines.' 'Special—But, General, I am no reporter or correspondent, never writing more than a brief description of my sketches.' 'General—You fellows make the best spies that can be bought. Jeff Davis owes more to you newspaper men than to his army.' 'Special—I have never had my fidelity or loyalty questioned, and it has been a matter of pride to me that not the least dissatisfaction has been expressed toward me by any of the commanding officers whose divisions I have followed. I suppose I am to understand that you to refuse me the favor to follow your division?' 'General—Yes.' 'Special—Well, General, I have come all the way from the East on this expedition, and I hope you will grant me permission to visit the camps before returning, that the trip may not be entirely fruitless. The people of the East feel such an anxiety toward your department that anything from here will be of peculiar interest.' 'General—The people of New York feel such an interest that they sit by their fires, not knowing or caring about the wants of their soldiers. I wish no more discussion, sir. I have given my decision. If I allow you, I must allow all.' 'Special—Good-day, General.' 'General—Good-day.'"

Mr. Henry Lovie, our "Special" in Missouri, has, perhaps, had a larger experience in the field than any other artist in the country, and our readers can bear witness that no one could have acquitted himself better. His campaign commenced with the war. He entered Virginia with the first division of the National army which crossed the Ohio river; was at Philippi, Rich Mountain and Corrick's Ford. He remained in Western Virginia until the close of McClellan's brief but brilliant campaign; went thence to Cairo, which he fully illustrated; accompanied Gen. Prentiss' command to Pilot Knob; was with Lyon at Wilson's Creek, and within view of the fight at Lexington. He has since accompanied Fremont's expedition, and now writes us from Cincinnati, where domestic affairs have called him from the camp. After a few days of rest he will again take the field, and resume the pencil, to the rapidity and faithfulness of which our readers and the public owe so much. We give an extract from a late letter from Mr. Lovie, which will show that an artist's life with the army is one of movement; if not of "leisure joys":

"I have a multitude of sketches to work up, but am embarrassed for want of time. As you know, I have travelled in all directions—from Western Maryland to the Indian Territories; made the acquaintance of a great many different divisions of the army, and so informed myself of their movements, so as to be at the right place at the right time. All this has kept me moving incessantly, and, I repeat, it would take me months to work up the rough notes I have taken. I have made but one sketch from a distance (the battle of Lexington); all the rest were made on the spot, and are historically reliable. I have spent more than three months in the open air, sleeping in tents or bivouacs, and have ridden nearly 1,000 miles on horseback. A 'Special Artist's' life is certainly not one of elegant leisure; but I like action, and have no objection to a spice of danger. I have several horses at various points, which have 'come to me,' and am prepared for whatever may turn up, only hoping that the Government will soon allow the Western army 'to sail in.' I had hoped to be in Memphis by this time; but we must wait the action of the 'superior powers.'"

Art in the National Capitol.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the *Tribune* criticises, with merciless but merited severity, the abominations in art with which the National Capitol is "adorned," and half-regrets that the Southern Vandals did not take the city, melt down Clark Mills's bronzes, knock off the arms and nose of Greenough's Washington, tumble Persico's statues into the Potomac, and generally clear the place for the advent of a generation having a true appreciation in art. Of the big pictures in the Rotunda he doesn't say much, "the game not being worth the candle;" but the statuary comes in for a "first-rate notice."

"What the fate of the statuary in Washington would have been, had our gentle and refined invaders succeeded in capturing the Capitol, we can only guess. Some shrewd speculator might have bought Greenough's Washington, and having buried it awhile in earth, and knocked away all distinguishing features, have brought it into market, realising more for it as a third-rate and mutilated antique than it would have brought as a first-rate modern statue. The Liberty of Crawford's pediment would make, if blacked, and the bird modified a little, a good statue of the patron goddess of the new nation, as a Phrygian slave, appropriately attended by a turkey-buzzard, with a bombshell bursting innocuous at her feet, like those which are thrown at Secession."

The so-called frescoes which are "born to blush unseen" in the dark passages of the new Capitol are denounced, not only on the score of good taste, but, from the nature of the case, sure soon to scale off and cover the walls with rags. Those walls should be covered with broad and effective masses of color instead of *petite fancies* of the ornamental designer, which distress the vision with forms that are supposed to have meaning, but which are indistinguishable in the dark. But, if we are to credit the correspondent in question, we are to have something both true and grand from Leutze, to fill the broad space at the head of the magnificent marble staircase, leading to the gallery of the House of Representatives from the West. There are four broad spaces, 20 by 30 feet, in the building, and one of these Leutze is to fill, for, as has been stated, the sum of \$20,000, a portion of an appropriation which would else have been put in bricks and mortar, and perhaps have added so much to indestructible deformity.

"Mr. Leutze will paint, in the space assigned him, a picture, which has for its title, 'Westward the Star of Empire holds its Way,' representing an emigrant train reaching the summit of one of the Rocky Mountain passes just at sunset, and the emigrants rushing forward to get the first glimpse of the broad plains which lie below, with rivers gleaming under a golden sky, and winding away into the haze that lies on the horizon. In the foreground, a group of pioneers on horseback urge forward their horses to get the sight of their promised land, and just behind comes one of the wagons with a little family an invalid mother, whose pale face is lifted, as if to catch a breeze from the Pacific, and in whose lap lies a frolicsome child. Behind comes a long train of wagons out of the shadows of the night gathering in the valley behind. Another group, more restless, have climbed a pinnacle of rock to get a clear view and wave their hats to the setting sun. At the right is a

snowy peak, the gold of the sunlit snow barred by cool blue shadows. All behind them is gloom where the mists are gathering, and all before them a sunny dream."

"In the border, which will take the place of a frame, are set smaller designs; in the left hand upper corner the Wise Men of the East following the star of Christ; at the right, Hercules cleaving the gates of the Mediterranean; at the left again, below, is the expedition for the golden fleece, Moses calling the Red Sea upon the host of Pharaoh, the raven bearing food; and on the right, the spies returning from Canaan, Columbus with his globe, and the dove returning with the olive leaf. At the bottom is a view of the Golden Gate, and in an oval at the left a portrait of Clark; at the right, one of Boone—the whole to be connected by arabesque, introducing the flora and fauna of the West."

"The sketch in color is finished, and in many respects the finest thing I know of Mr. Leutze's work. It is glowing with light and color, and, above all, well calculated for its place and the light it will be seen in. The emphasis given the warm lights by the cool eastern shadows is very fine and effective, and the treatment, both in this respect and in light and shade, is excellently well calculated for a Capitol picture. Mr. Leutze's plan leaves chance for the co-operation of landscape, genre, flower, and even purely decorative painters in the accessory subjects; and if the three walls corresponding to the one he has could be filled with the really earnest work of our painters working in association, it would make a demand for something more creditable to put in the Rotunda."

CORRECTION.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

SIR—I notice that you, in common with most of the journals, have reported that the Star of the South ran into the Peerless. Permit me, in correction of this widely-spread error, to give you the true facts of the case: The Peerless, becoming unmanageable, hoisted a flag of distress, and the Star of the South immediately went to her assistance. Owing to the very heavy sea, the collision was one of a purely accidental nature, as the Peerless was actually lifted by the surf and thrown against the Star of the South. This is proved by Capt. Blethorn himself, who repeatedly so informed officers of the steamer Atlantic, as well as Mr. W. Robinson, sutler to Col. Sorrell's Engineer corps, who witnessed the affair. In justice to Capt. Kearney, and to the owner of the Star of the South, Mr. Mitchell, Capt. Blethorn, of the Peerless, and all parties concerned, please correct this error in your widely spread journal, and oblige, your Special Artist, then on board the Star of the South, WM. T. CRANE.

THE printer's devil in Frank Leslie's establishment has been discharged, and the public is cautioned against harboring him. When he read in the seventh re-dishing of the *Express* that the South Carolinians had raised the black flag and proclaimed that they would give the Yankees "no quarter"—he ejaculated, "How stupid, when they haint got nary quarter to give!"

NORTH CAROLINA.—Delegates from 45 counties of North Carolina met on the 18th of November, in extraordinary Convention, and passed ordinances acknowledging the Constitution of the United States; appointing Marble Nash Taylor provisional Governor of North Carolina; proclaiming the Secession act illegal and of no force or effect, and empowering the new Governor to order special elections for representatives to the Federal Congress. This is no hasty movement, but has been concerted for months, and justifies the apprehensions of the rebel newspaper organ at Raleigh, published by us last week, that unless the rebel Government poured a heavy force into the State, it would be back in the Union before Christmas.

CAVALRY.—At the period of the Bull Run fight we were almost entirely without cavalry, and the deficiency in this important arm was made painfully apparent. Since then 55 cavalry regiments have been raised, numbering 32,700 men, which are regarded as equal to all the cavalry service required.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY for November is on our table. It contains 100 large quarto pages, illustrated with many fine wood engravings and a colored steel fashion plate. In the number and excellence of its engravings this magazine surpasses all others, and it is really remarkable how the publishers can afford to give so many fine pictures, with such an amount and variety of reading matter, for the low price of \$3 a year, or 25 cents a number. The fashion department is also very full and reliable, containing everything of interest to the ladies on matters pertaining to dress.—*Hillsborough (Ohio) News*.

LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR.—We have in this publication a complete History of the War as it progresses. We have not only the written description, but also a representation of the scene itself. Not among the least of its excellencies are its maps of battles. The History of the War is a fine thing for preservation.—*Bellows Falls (Vt.) Times*.

LESLIE'S HISTORY OF THE WAR is, as usual, filled with interesting matter. It continues to increase in interest as it advances. It is invaluable as a work of reference and history.—*Ogle County (Ill.) Reporter*.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

THE popular subscription to the 7.30 per cent. loan amounts, to the present date, to about \$42,000,000, the proceeds going directly into the Treasury.

THE ladies of Rhode Island are preparing to send to each volunteer from that State a Christmas gift of a pair of socks and mittens, the name of each soldier, with that of the company to which he belongs, to be attached to the articles.

ONE of the young lady teachers in a seminary at Pittsfield has been received as the "Daughter of the Regiment" in the Morrison Cavalry of New York. It is said that she is a daring horsewoman and a thorough lady, in whom the cavaliers have a charge worthy of their zeal.

IT has been officially ascertained that the Government has now in the field, in camp and in process of formation, 600,000 volunteers, and the enlistments for the regular service are more than heretofore numerous.

WAR NEWS.

Occupation of the Eastern Shore of Virginia by the National Forces.

It will be remembered that there are two counties of Virginia, namely, Northampton and Accomac, lying above Chesapeake Bay, and between it and the sea, currently known as the Eastern Shore, and in which Henry A. Wise, late Governor of Virginia, has his residence. It has lately been occupied by the National troops. The movement was planned by General Dix, and has been carried out under his direction. The force numbers between 4,000 and 5,000, and includes cavalry and artillery, sufficient to cope with success with the rebel force there. On the advent of the National troops, a proclamation by General Dix was issued, promising protection for persons and property to those who were disposed to behave with propriety, but warning rebels that they must expect no favors. The consequence of the movement has been, that the rebel troops, numbering nearly 3,000 men, have disbanded, and the Unionists are returning to their homes. It has been proposed to attach this part of Virginia and the portion of Maryland to the east of Chesapeake Bay to Delaware, and compensate Maryland with some of the Northern counties of Virginia.

Gunboat Duel off Hatteras.

A SMART engagement took place at Hatteras Inlet on the 14th of November, between the Coast Survey steamer Corwin and the rebel steamer Curlew. The latter vessel apparently got the worst of the contest, and retreated after receiving a few minutes of hot and telling fire from the former.

Evacuation of the Roanoke Island.

IT is reported through an arrival from Hatteras Inlet, that Roanoke Island, which commands the passes between Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, has been abandoned by the Georgia and South Carolina troops stationed there, who have blown up the batteries and gone home—probably fearing a visitation from some of the vessels of the National fleet.

Operations of the National Gunboats in the West.

THE National gunboats on the Western rivers are doing very effective service. The Conestoga went on an exploring expedition up the Tennessee river on the 18th of November, and discovered a rebel battery near the Tennessee line, into which she threw 21 shells, when the rebels manning it concluded to leave, which they did in their usual hurried manner. Still further on another battery was discovered which

was subjected to like treatment, the rebels being again routed, with a number killed and wounded. The damage to the Conestoga was slight.

Affairs in Western Virginia.

THE reports from General Rosecrans, in Western Virginia, are very cheering. They state that General Cox's brigade crossed the Kanawha and New rivers on the 10th of November, and drove the rebels back three miles from all their positions. General Benham also had a skirmish with the rebels, and after compelling them to retreat, he followed them for 25 miles, and failing to come up with them, he fell back. Colonel Croghan of the rebel army, and a few others were killed. General Benham lost only two men in the engagement.

Grand Review near Washington.

A GRAND review of the army of the Potomac was held on the 20th of November, at Bailey's Cross Roads. Seven full divisions were present, giving an aggregate of 78 regiments of infantry, 17 batteries, and seven regiments of cavalry. The entire body of troops assembled was about 70,000. The army was reviewed by the Commander-in-Chief, in presence of the President and Cabinet and the Representatives of the Foreign Governments. The military display of the occasion exceeded everything of the kind that has ever occurred on this continent. General McClellan was escorted by his body guard—Major Barker's dragoons—and two regiments of regular cavalry. In all, nearly 2,000 mounted men. The salute was fired from 15 batteries of artillery, about 100 guns, and the whole was witnessed by between 20,000 and 30,000 spectators.

Sailing of the "Stone Fleet."

A NAVAL EXPEDITION, which has attracted but little attention, has been preparing for the last few weeks, and is probably already on the way to its destination. About 50 old whalers have been purchased at New London, Sag Harbor, Mystic, New Bedford and other points. They have been loaded with stone, which will assist materially in sinking the craft, and keeping them in their places when they shall have been sunk. The fleet, which was to have sailed on Wednesday, is under the command of Captain John P. Rice, of New London, and the crews under his command are enlisted for three months' service.

The Western Fleet.

A GREAT inland naval expedition is organizing on the Mississippi, scarcely inferior in magnitude, and certainly not inferior in importance to the late successful expedition to Fort Royal. The gunboats, seven in number, building at Carondelet and Mound City, Illinois, are now nearly completed; so are the 28 mortar floats being constructed at the Upper Ferry. All these are parts of the Mississippi navy to be placed under command of Flag Officer Foote. The gunboats are to carry 15 guns each—five on each side, three at the bow and two at the stern. The side guns will be columbiads, the others rifled guns. The mortar floats are built of pine logs, three-ply thick, and will carry one or two mortars each, to be used for throwing shells only. The whole fleet will carry an armament of probably not less than 200 guns, and will be truly formidable. When all is ready the watchword will be "On to New Orleans."

PERSONAL.

CATHARINE McLINNAN, aged 112 years, was found dead in the woods in the vicinity of Beech Ridge, county of Chateaugay, Canada, on the 28th ult. Her father and uncle served under General Wolfe, and belonged to Captain McDonald's 78th Highlanders, but both were killed at the capture of Quebec in 1759.

HON. J. T. HEADLEY, the historian, is in Washington, collecting material for a history of the present war. He contemplates witnessing the next battle.

LUCY ESCOTT and Henry Squires are singing in English opera at Sydney, Van Diemen's Land.

THE Lieutenant-Colonel Croghan killed by General Benham's command in General Rosecrans' last brush with the enemy near Gauley, proves to be a son of the late Colonel Croghan, Inspector-General of the United States Army.

MR. JOHN SLIDELL, at present residing in Fort Warren, is a native of this city. His father was a very respectable tallow chandler, and was for some time President of the Mechanics' Bank. In the times when the compact part of the city hardly extended above Houston street, the family residence was on the Bloomingdale road, at or about the present intersection of Thirtieth street with Broadway, and is still standing. One of the prominent events of John Slidell's life in this city was his duel with Stephen Price, the manager of the Park Theatre. For some cause Price challenged Slidell, then an enterprising young merchant. They fought in the early morning of a day on which Price was to give a large dinner party. By some curious chance Price was shot in a delicate posterior region, but the dinner party came off notwithstanding, Price receiving his guests in bed. It was this duel, and the scandal arising from it, that induced Slidell to become a resident of New Orleans.

COLONEL RICHARD TAYLOR, who has recently been promoted to be a Brigadier-General in the rebel service, is a brother of Mrs. Lincoln.

SOME time ago Mr. Leonard Hawkins, of Starbore, Vt., informed the President that his wife had presented him with three sons at a birth, and asked him to name them. The letter was referred to the Secretary of War, who named them respectively Abraham Lincoln, Gideon Welles and Simon Cameron.

GENERAL HAVELOCK, brother of the late distinguished English General of the same name, has been appointed Inspector of Cavalry, in the National army, the same position which he held in the English service.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE SOLDIER OF THE GOOD CAUSE.

This is the title of a very appropriate little pamphlet by Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, Mass., just published by the American Unitarian Association. Mr. Norton has already distinguished himself as an earnest thinker and a classic writer; but he has done nothing worthier than the little pamphlet before us. His purpose is to present, in a brief and plain way, the considerations which, on moral and religious grounds, should induce a good man to take up arms on the Government side in this contest. He shows what are the aims and motives which elevate the profession of arms, and distinguish the mercenary hireling from the patriot soldier. The tone of sentiment is not unlike that in Wordsworth's noble poem, "The Happy Warrior." We quote a single passage as a specimen of the style and sentiment of the pamphlet:

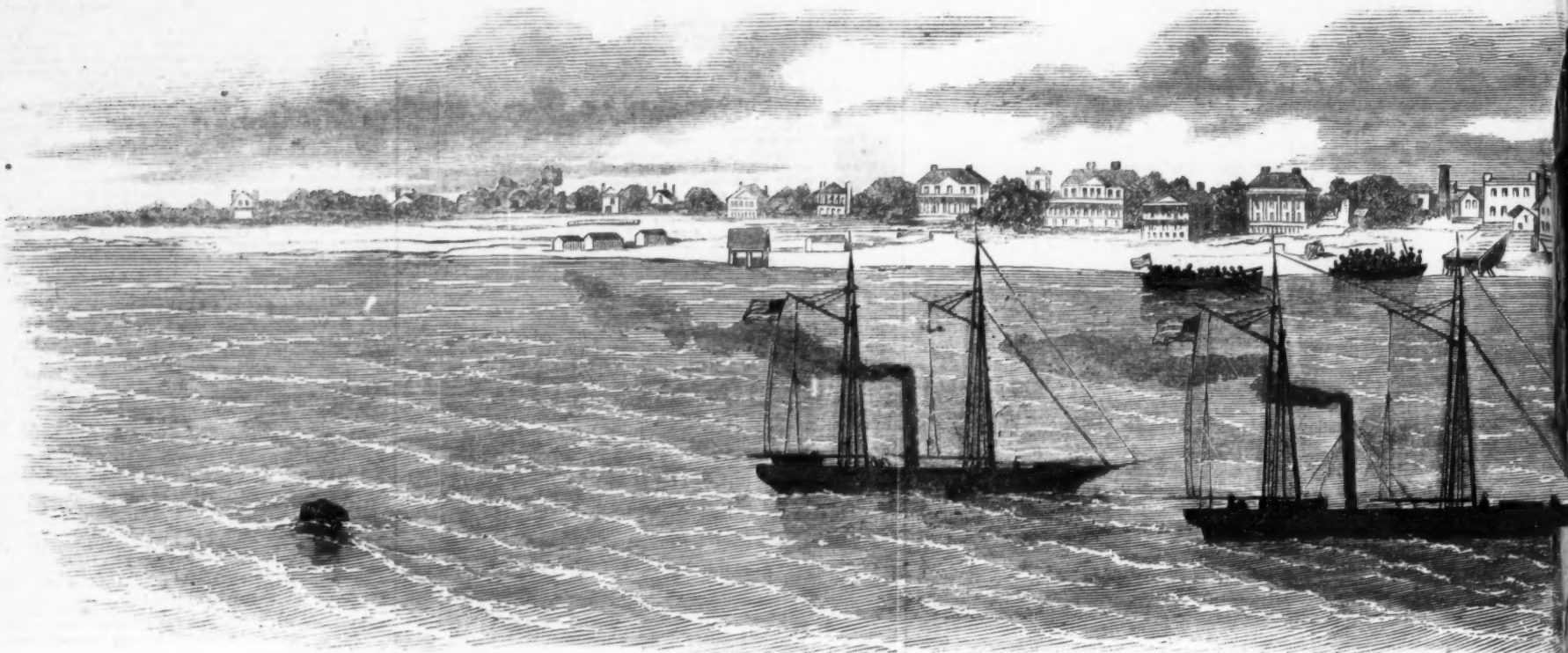
"Our soldiers have to learn how to be soldiers, and the nation requires to be taught the uses and the real meaning of war. The notion that any number of raw recruits form an army is an absurd one, and it seems likely to be done away with by bitter experience. Even Washington himself, the most patient and the most experienced commander of fresh troops, declared that undisciplined forces are nothing more than a destructive, expensive and disorderly mob. The saying of Cyrus, as reported by Xenophon, is as true to-day as it was in ancient times, that 'it is not the number of men, but the number of good men, that gives the advantage.'"

"It is not fame or reputation that the true soldier mainly seeks. They are but the uncertain and fleeting accidents of his profession. His aim is to be honorable, not to be honored; to be brave, not to win reputation of courage. It is not for show that the soul is to play its part. 'The essence of greatness is to feel that virtue is enough.' Honor is a spiritual thing, it is not in the gift of man, its fountain is God. There is nothing that is not cheap and poor in comparison with it. Less, privation, suffering, are cheerfully borne for its sake, and life itself may well be sacrificed to gain it. It is the proud distinction of the soldier's profession that he makes it his first and constant object. The good soldier carries his life in his hand, ready to exchange it for honor, and he is thus always the witness to its inestimable worth. He is the example from which other men take their lessons in its pursuit. He yields his affections, his interests, his hopes, his all, to its claims. In the tumult of battle, in the temptation of the camp, he never loses sight of it. Honor flings her white robe of purity around him, and in the distress of pain and the very agony of death she clasps him to her consoling bosom."

NEW MUSIC.

LAURA KEENE'S WALTZ.—This is the title of a new and brilliant piece of music just published by Waters, in New York, and Ditson, in Boston. It is by Mr. Thomas Baker, the well-known conductor of Miss Keene's orchestra, and is one of the redeeming features of that most stupid but scenically and musically most brilliant extravaganza, "The Seven Sons." A contemporary has expressed the popular opinion of the waltz in the following words: "It is one of the gayest, most sparkling and vivacious of all the maestro's compositions—a graceful tribute to the lady in honor of whom it is named—and should be upon every piano-stand in the country."

A FRENCH JOURNAL of character and influence, the *Nouveliste de Rouen*, says that the Abbe Bonaparte, who has for some time resided at Rome, was sent for by the Emperor two or three days ago, and is coming to Paris. As many people fancy the Emperor to be the kinsman of his to be the next Pope, this news has a certain interest.

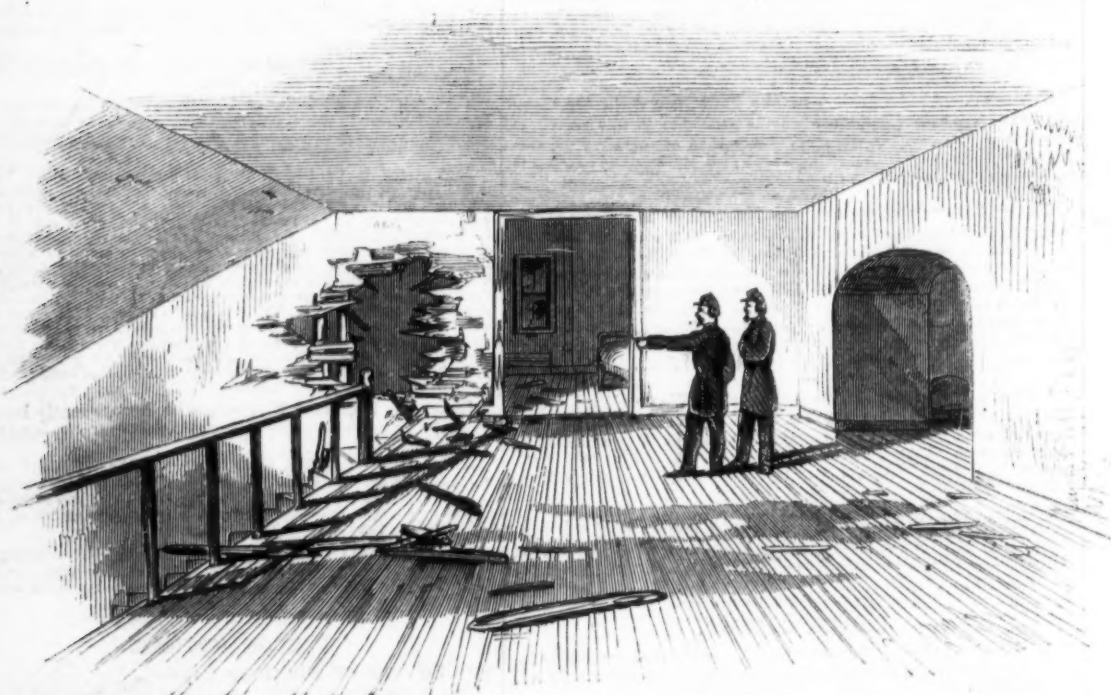


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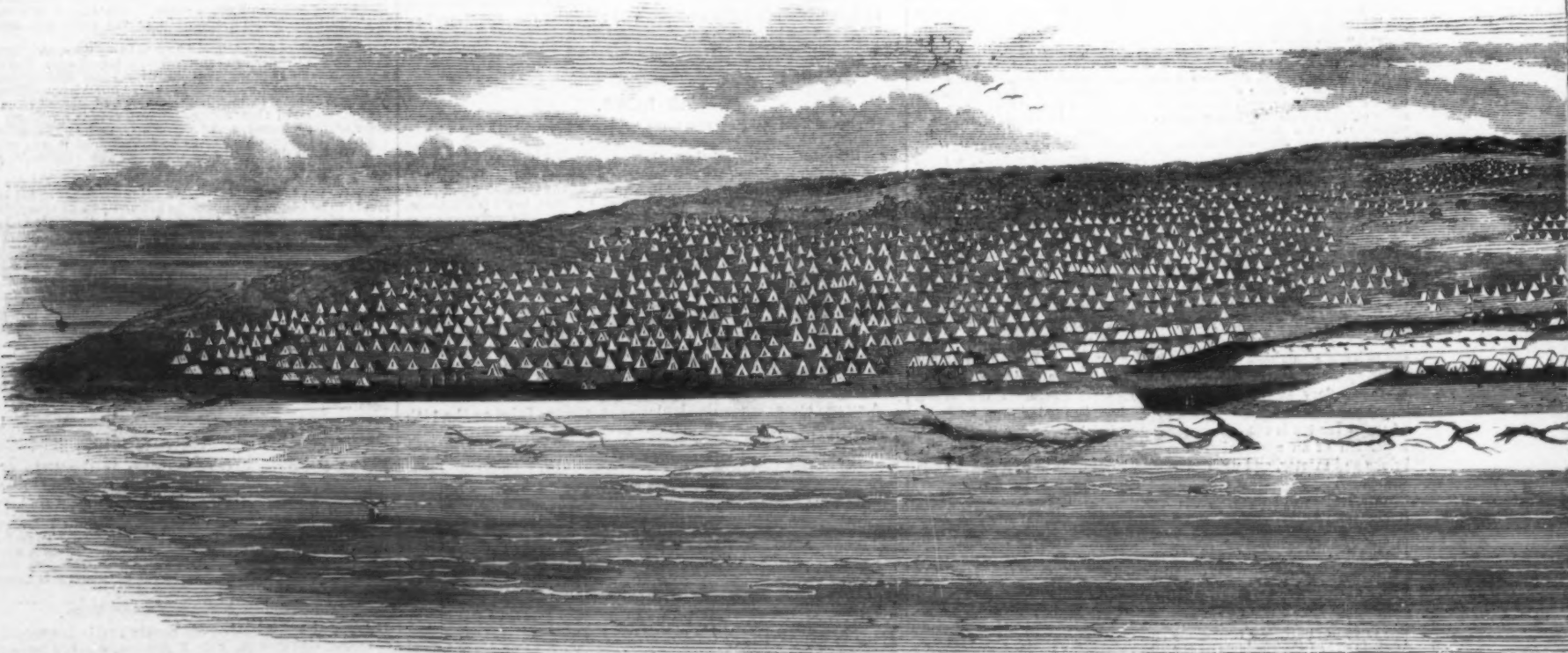
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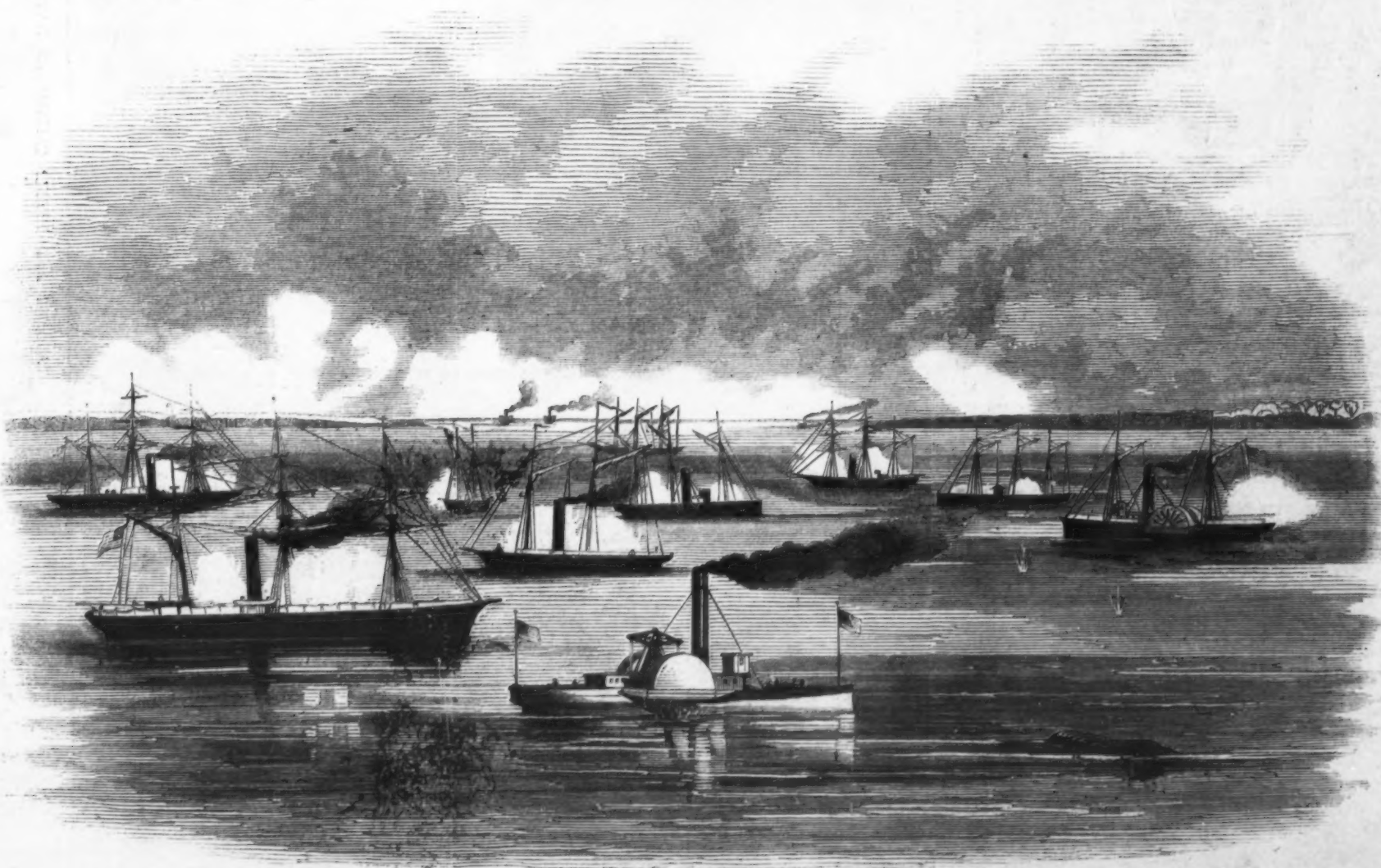
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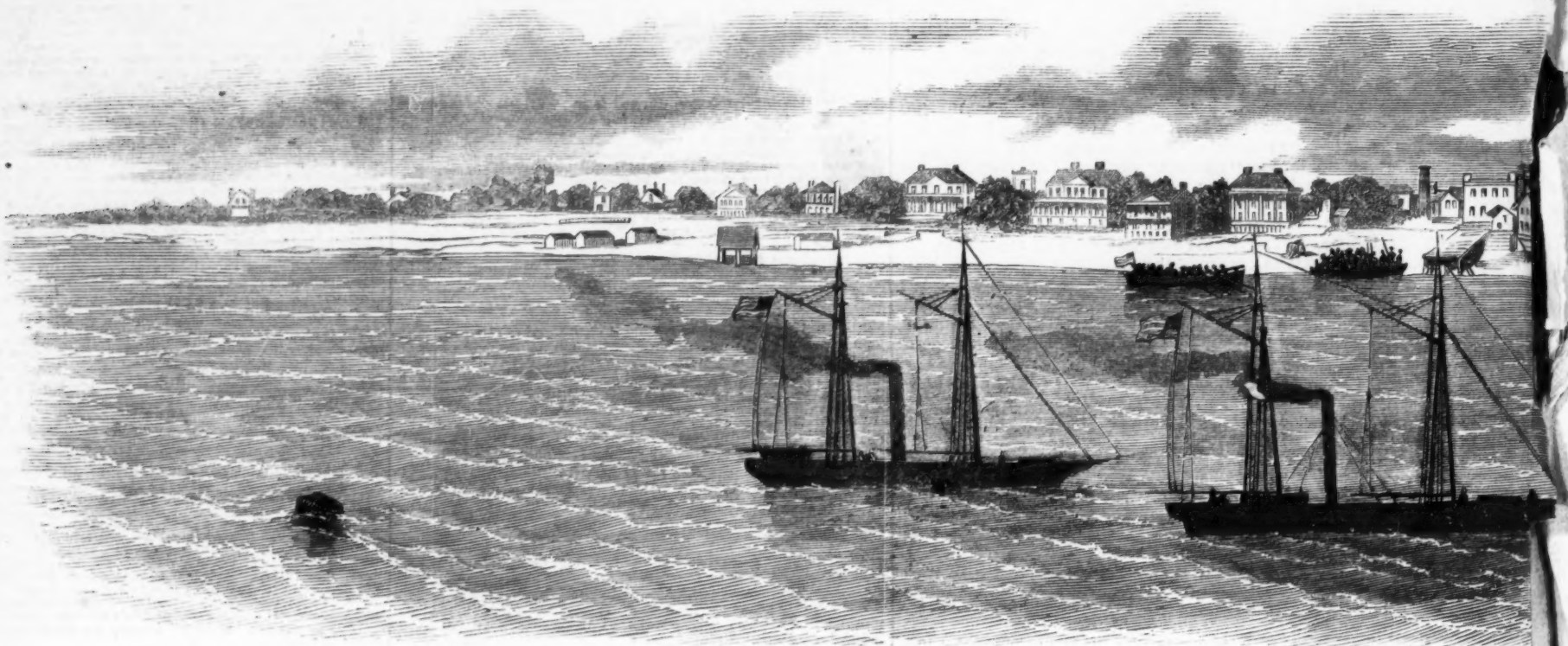
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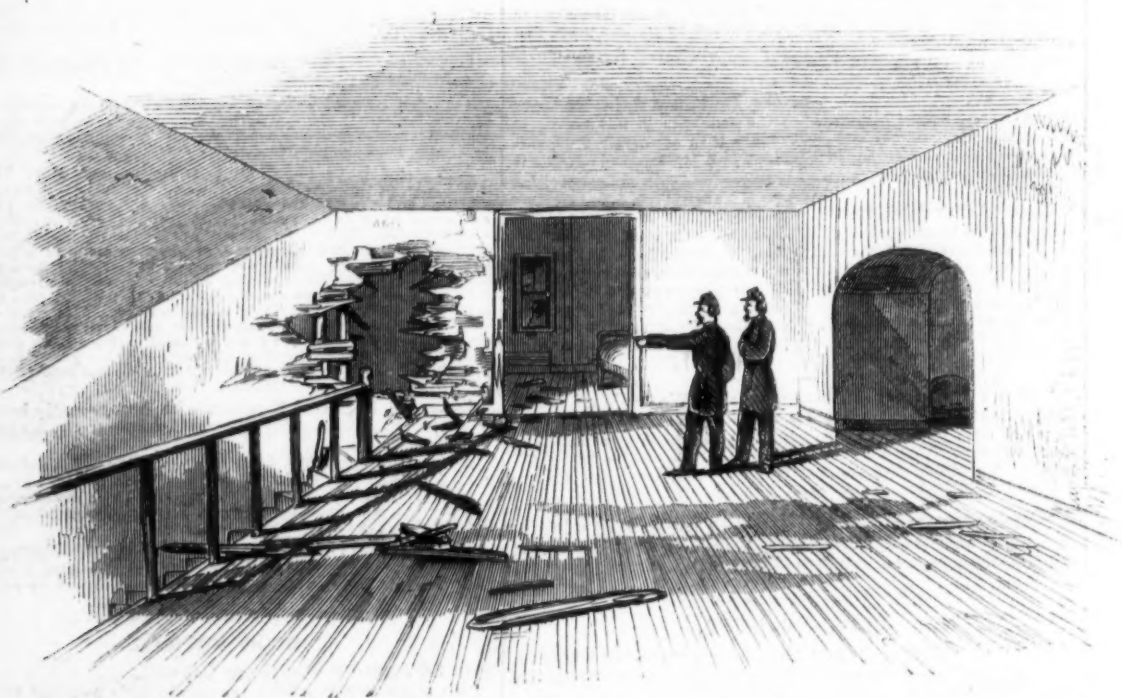
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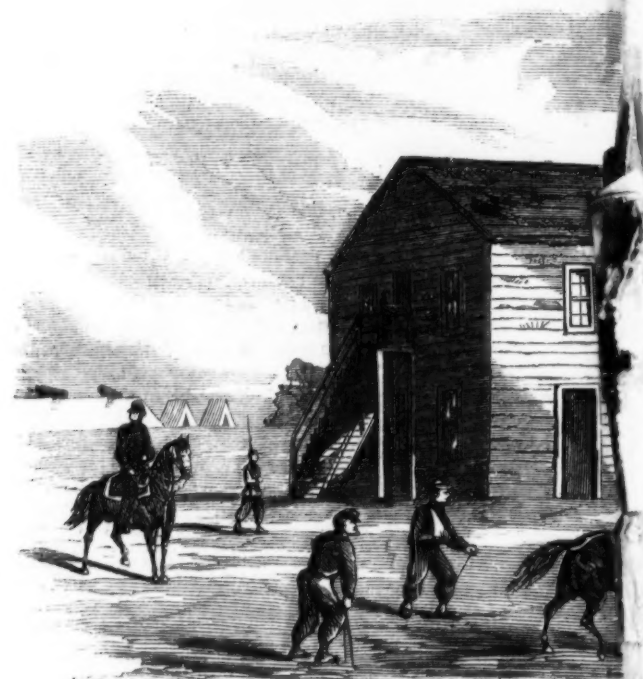
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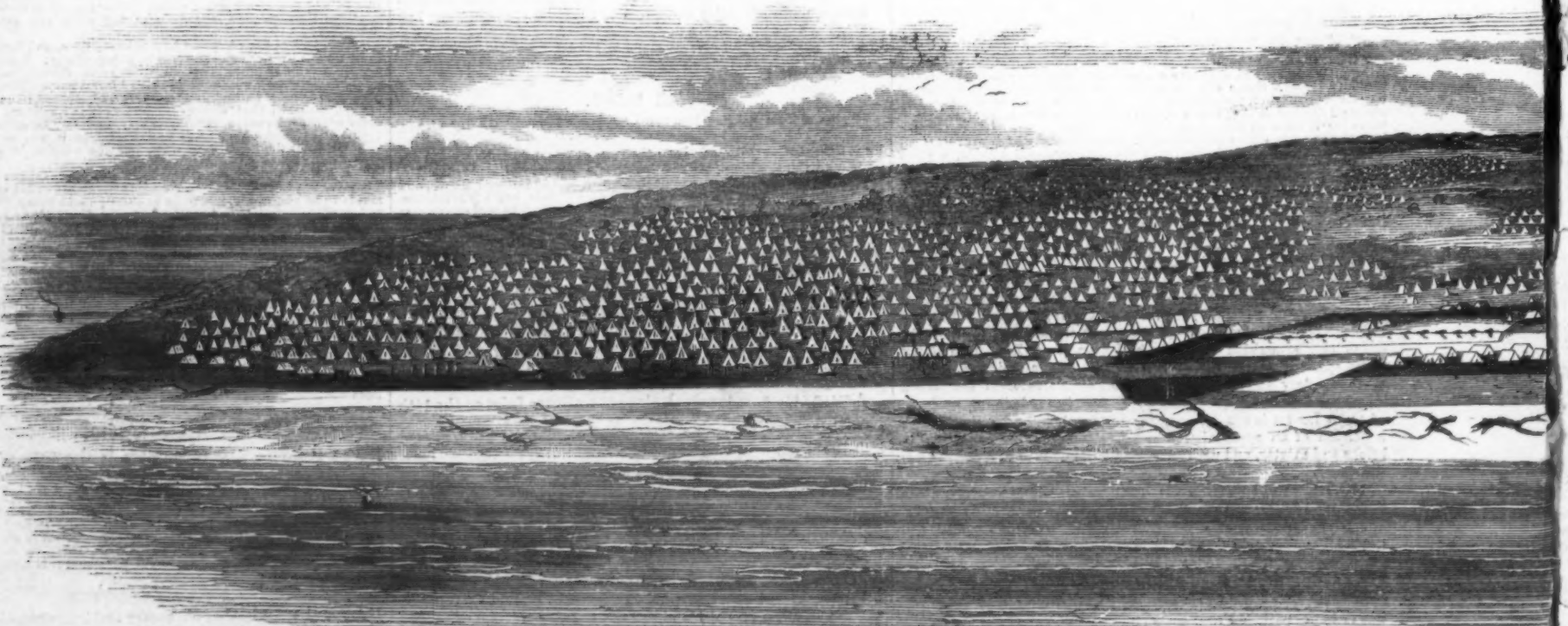
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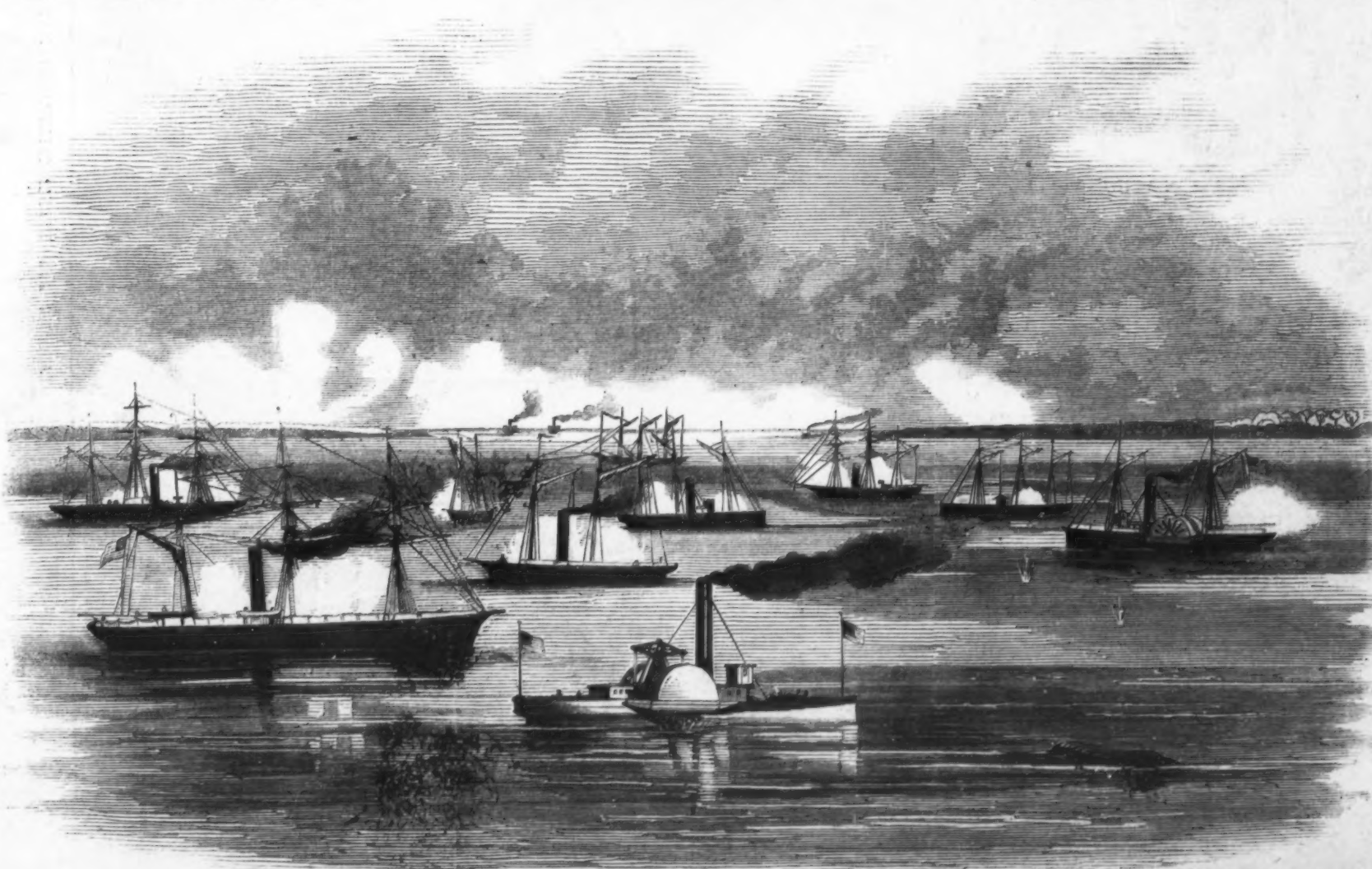
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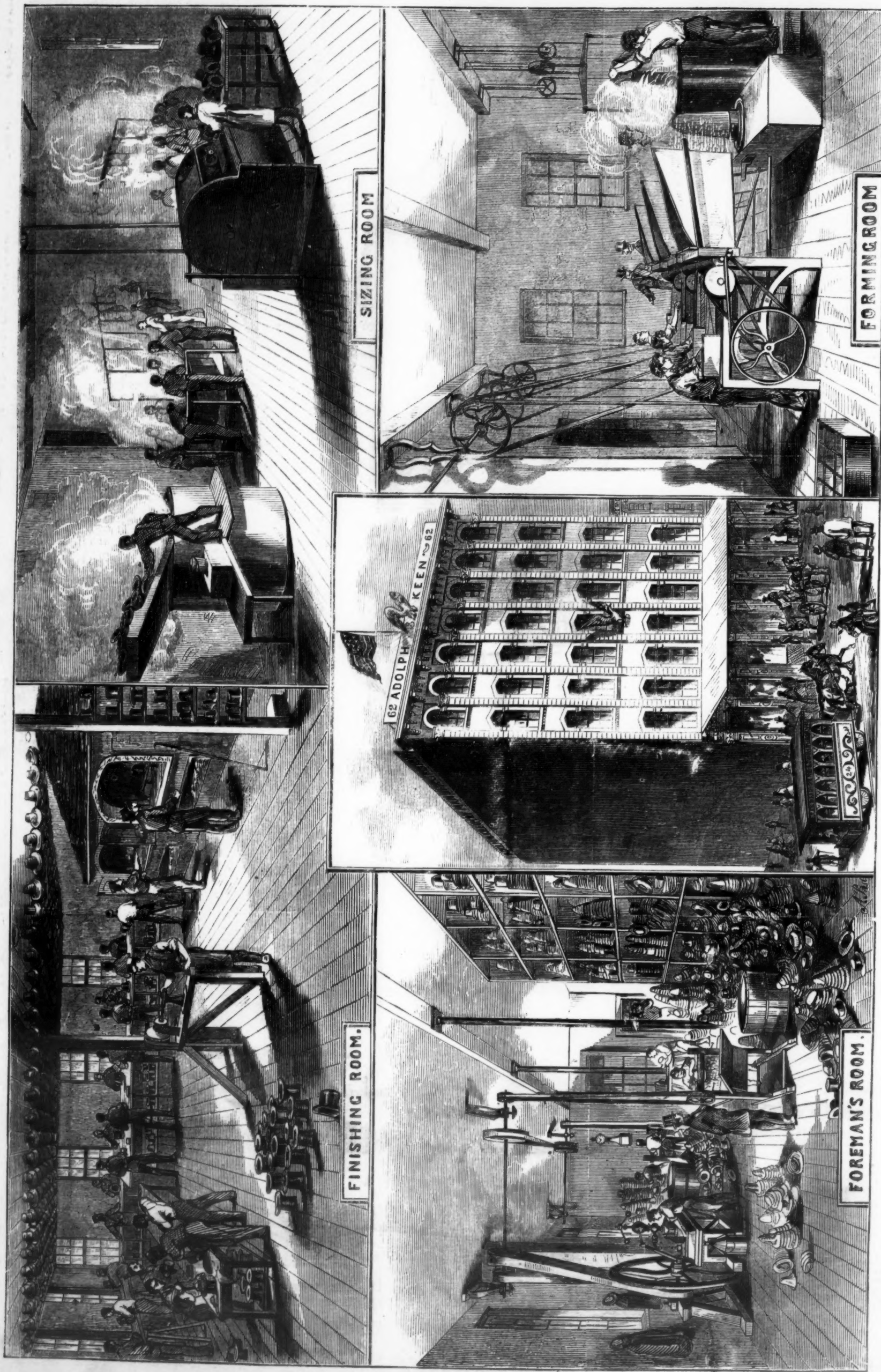
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ADOLPH AND KEEN'S CELEBRATED HAT MANUFACTORY, 62 NORTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—See Page 37.

THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION TO PORT ROYAL.

(Continued from page 34.)

On Thursday, the 14th, another reconnaissance was made by the gunboats Seneca, Capt. Ammon, the Isaac Smith and the Pembina, Capt. Bankhead. Our Artist was on board the former, and we have to thank Capt. Ammon for his courtesy to him on this and other occasions. The object of this visit was twofold; first, to take up Lieut. Wagner, of Gen. Sherman's staff, and Dr. Bacon of the 7th Connecticut regiment, who carried a flag of truce to communicate Gen. Sherman's proclamation to the South Carolinians. Having landed their forces at Beaufort, the gunboats anchored to await their return, and employed their time in searching for the buoys which had been taken up by the rebels. A party commanded by Capt. Ammon landed from the Seneca to examine the state of affairs. Our Artist, who accompanied the party, had, therefore, ample opportunity and time for sketching the various points of interest. He entered several houses where the work of devastation had been carried on. Books scattered around, ladies' hoops, beds, ripped open—in a word, the wretched slaves had shown to what a depth of depravity slavery plunges the negro race. He learned from one of the most intelligent of these contrabands, that the last visit paid by Gen. Drayton was on the 12th November, when he came to Beaufort, attended by a guard of about 40 horsemen. A party from the Seneca visited the arsenal and destroyed the cannon they found there. Having burnt the gun carriages, and knocked off the trunnions, they considered their work complete, and that they had rendered them so useless as not to be worth the carrying off. This scene we have engraved.

Encampment on Hilton Island.

The spot selected for the camp of the troops under Gen. Sherman is on Hilton Island, between Fort Walker and Scull Creek. Defences have been already thrown up, and more are being erected, so as to make the camp perfectly impregnable. Hilton Island is from five to seven miles in width, and about 15 miles long. It has many beautiful orange groves, which were covered with that luscious fruit when the troops first landed. They are, however, rapidly disappearing before the attacks of our gallant men. There are also large quantities of sweet potatoes. Hilton Island, which is a very beautiful fertile spot, is owned principally by Gen. Drayton, who cultivates there that celebrated cotton known as Sea Island. The woods, which principally consist of orange, palmetto, pine and dwarf oaks, commence at about a mile from the sea. It is a mistake to suppose that

else left to perish to save themselves. The scene our Artist has sketched is on the edge of one of the woods, about three miles from Fort Walker, the vessels in the distance belonging to the National fleet. Bluffton, where General Drayton made his first stop, is about ten miles from Fort Walker; it is situated on a little stream called May river, which does not afford sufficient water for even our gunboats to ascend. A Southern paper says that General Drayton retreated to Grahamville, and from thence to Coosawatchie, where a large force has gathered to defend the Savannah and Charleston railroad. Grahamville is 26 miles from Fort Walker, and Coosawatchie 33.

A Contraband Wharf.

War has its ludicrous situations. It is hard to fancy Julius Cæsar making his first landing in Britain on a Roman soldier's back, to save his sandals a wetting—but now in these times the classical has gone out and the comfortable come in. One of our engravings illustrates the unheroic but highly sensible manner in which our officers landed at Fort Walker, improvising an intermediate wharf by the substitution of a contraband back. Our Artist, who availed himself of this moveable wharf, prefers it to wading through the surf.

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

WE present in this number a plan of the battle of Belmont, which was fought November 7th, at Belmont, Missouri, a point on the right bank of the Mississippi river, opposite Columbus, Ky., occupied by a large rebel force, said to number 25,000 men, under Maj.-Gen. Polk. A rebel camp existed at Belmont, and it was to break up and destroy this that Gen. Grant, commanding the National forces at Cairo, made his descent on that place. By doing so he expected, and the result verified his expectations, that he would so alarm and embarrass Gen. Polk as to prevent him from reinforcing Buckner in Southern Kentucky, or Price in Missouri, as also to prevent him from making a diversion to cover the retreat of Jeff. Thompson, who was closely pursued by detachments of National troops from Cape Girardeau and Bird's Point. This explanation is necessary to understand why an attack should be made on a place which it would be impossible to hold in the face of a superior force, and within range of the powerful batteries erected by the rebels at Columbus for their own defence and to command the river. Gen. Grant's force consisted of something less than 3,000 men, with whom he effected a landing two and a half miles above Belmont, marched directly on the rebel camp (which meantime had been heavily reinforced), and, after a fierce fight, drove the rebels from their works, burnt their camp and equipage, and captured all their artillery, all in the very face of Polk's great army, on the opposite bank of the river. This done, Gen. Grant retired his forces and fell back to his boats, not, however, without another desperate fight, in cutting through a large body of fresh troops which Polk had sent over to cut off his retreat. With the exception of the fight of Wilson's Creek, in which the gallant Lyon fell, this has been the most hotly contested battle of the war. The rebel forces engaged, according to the rebel accounts, consisted of 13 regiments of infantry, five companies of cavalry, and one battalion, and a battery of six guns; or a total of 11,000 men. The National forces numbered precisely 2,850 men. The fierceness of the fight can be estimated from the following official statement of the losses on both sides:

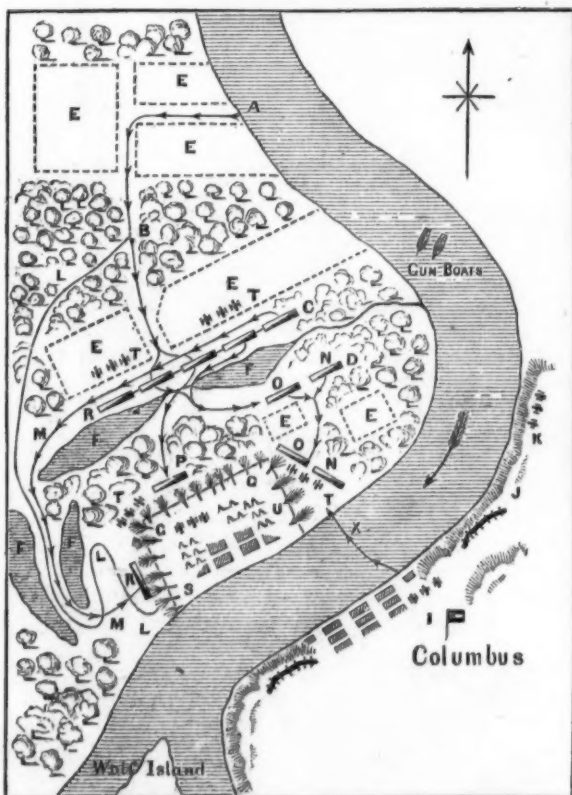
	Union.	Rebel.
Killed	64	281
Wounded	288	427
Missing and prisoners	235	278
Total	607	986

THE NEW PORSENNA.—The following droll anecdote is told in the *feuilleton* of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, the contributor having received it direct from Paris, where it is traced to an eye-witness! The military ardor of the *grande nation* was never more pleasantly illustrated; and we agree with the story-teller that "the trait of heroism is worthy of being immortalized." It is thus writ down "in all its touching simplicity." The Emperor was reviewing a body of infantry, when his eye was caught by a drummer with only one arm, but who was nevertheless still playing.

"Where is your left arm?" said he.
"At Solferino, sire."
"You shall have a pension of 400 francs from my privy purse."
"And if I should leave the other on the same road, sire?"
"This," replied Napoleon, pointing to his own rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor.

"The cross!" exclaimed the soldier; and carried away by a transport of enthusiasm, the new Porsenna, with the remaining arm, drew his sabre, and at one vigorous blow cut it clean off!!! The question here is *how* he did it?

A SCOTCH CANNIBAL.—A lady advertises in a Glasgow paper that she wants a gentleman for "breakfast and tea."



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF BELMONT, MISSOURI, FOUGHT NOVEMBER 7.

A. Landing of United States troops; B. Route taken by United States troops; C. First line of battle; D. Second line of battle; E. Cornfields; F. Lakes; G. Fallen timber; H. Drill ground and Belmont; I. Columbus; J. Hills; K. Battery; L. Cavalry route; M. Colonel Buford's route; N. Logan's regiment; O. Fouke's regiment; P. Seventh Iowa regiment; Q. Twenty-second Illinois regiment; R. Colonel Buford's regiment; S. Captain Dillin's cavalry; T. Taylor's Battery; U. Enemy's tents; X. Landing of rebel reinforcements. (From landing of troops to rebel camp three and a half miles.)

the cotton crop on this island was destroyed by the Confederates when they abandoned the place. Mr. Crane assures us that he saw, on the 16th November, the crop in a most excellent condition, and it is not likely the Federal troops will injure it. The only damage done is where the Confederate troops, in their retreat to Scull Creek, have trodden it down.

Gen. Wright's Headquarters.

As a curious little incident of war, we give a sketch of a room in Brig.-Gen. Wright's headquarters, showing the effects of a shell, which, entering at the upper portion of the house, burst in the room, carrying away the partitions on that floor, and destroying most of the furniture.

Hospital at Fort Walker.

There were three wounded Secessionists found in this hospital, two of them brothers; they were commended to the care of the National officers in a few lines, which were found on a table. Owing to the exposed position of this building, it received several shot and shell; but, we are happy to say, that no injury was inflicted on the sick and wounded.

Hospital at Fort Beauregard.

This building is now intended as the hospital for the sick and wounded of the National troops. Our artist is of opinion that it was not used by the Confederates, as the few sick and wounded left to the hospitality of our troops were found in a building some distance from Fort Beauregard. On the table was found a letter from Col. Elliott, recommending those invalids to the humanity of Gen. Sherman.

Retreat of the Confederates from Fort Walker.

After gallantly enduring the fire of our invincible navy, under Commodore Dupont, for about four hours, in the course of which the destroying circle of our ships was getting nearer and nearer to the devoted forts, General Drayton gave orders for the retirement of his men; the retreat soon ripened into a flight, and a flight which eclipsed even that of Bull Run. The chivalry of South Carolina, which, according to Governor Pickens's account, is born insensible to fear, in flying from Fort Walker to Scull Creek—which separates Hilton Island from the mainland on which Bluffton stands—threw everything away, for the day afterwards, when our Artist went with a party in the direction the defeated Secessionists had taken, the exact path of their flight was encumbered with accoutrements, arms of every description, knapsacks; in a word, everything that could facilitate a flying soldier's speed had been thrown away as worthless. In the forest through which the routed army had passed were also found several of their dead, they evidently having been carried away as wounded, but who had either died in the attempt to save them, or

THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION—VIEW OF FORT WALKER, PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., TAKEN FROM THE DECK OF THE S.S. "AT OUR SERIAL ARTIST'S."





THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION—RETREAT OF THE REBEL GARRISON, COMMANDED BY GENERAL DRAYTON, FROM FORT WALKER TO BLUFF



AT FORT MIFFLIN, DURING THE BOMBARDMENT BY THE NATIONAL FLEET ON THE AFTERNOON OF NOVEMBER 7TH.—SEE PAGE 39.

CIVIL WAR.

THE Cairo correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, who visited the battle field of Belmont the day after the action, relates the following incident:

"Capt. Brooks, of Buford's regiment, came upon the dead body of his own brother, who was a surgeon in the rebel army; he knew he was a rebel surgeon, but did not know he was in the engagement until he stumbled over his corpse. The scene is described as affecting in the extreme, and it certainly forms one of the most thrilling and horrible incidents in this unholy rebellion. Capt. Brooks buried his brother, and put a slab at the head of his grave."

"RIFLEMAN, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette,
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet."

"Ay, Captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead,
There's music around when my barrel's in tune!"
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon."

"Now, Rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handseil first blood;
A button, a loop, or that lustrous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud!"

"O Captain, I staggered, and sunk on my track,
When I gazed on the face of the fallen vidette,
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet."

"But I snatched off the trinket—this locket of gold—
An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! Rifleman, fling me the locket!—'Tis she,
My brother's young bride—and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband—Hush! soldier, 'twas Heaven's decree,
We must bury him, there, by the light of the moon!"

"But, hark! the far bugles their warnings unite;
War is a virtue—weakness a sin:
There's lurking and loping around us to-night;
Load again, Rifleman, keep your hand in!"

LIVING OR DEAD?

A Story Founded upon Fact.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY one summer morning a young man alighted from a carriage, at the door of a fine old country mansion. No one came out to give him welcome, and his visit was evidently one of business. If so, it was singularly inopportune, for a glance at the closed shutters, and blinds drawn down, might have told him it was a house of mourning, and that, for aught he knew, Death himself might be within. But still his errand, whatever it was, must be attended to, and he raised the knocker without delay or scruple. He was instantly admitted, and an old woman, dressed in the prim neat style of a gentleman's housekeeper, and full of importance, conducted him up-stairs.

The house was elegantly furnished. The soft carpets, the costly paintings, the elaborate furniture, spoke of luxury and wealth; and in the drawing-room the harp, the workbasket, and the various signs of woman's presence and industry, gave an additional charm. But over all hung some indescribable cloud; there was a shadow deeper than that caused by the exclusion of the morning sun; there was a stillness like that which happens in Nature after some sudden desolation. The mansion might have been deserted.

"You had better come this way, sir," said the housekeeper in a whisper. "Mr. Clairville is very sorry, but he cannot see you."

Arthur Leslie, for that was the name of the young man, bowed and followed her. She opened a door, and then both paused reverently; it was the chamber of the dead. And yet there was nothing as Arthur entered to remind him that death was there. Through the open window came the fragrance of flowers, and the voices of the blackbird and the thrush were heard singing outside. He glanced round the room. There was no stiff form stretched out, the sharp-angled features veiled lest they should be too terrible. On a sofa beneath the window, with the warm air of June breathing upon her and gently moving her drapery, lay the object he was come to gaze at, and, if he could, transfer her image to the canvas.

She was not a young girl, half formed, and with only budding beauty, but a majestic woman, imperial like Juno, with features that a Grecian sculptor might have gloried to look upon, and a mass of golden hair that rested on shoulders of alabaster. Her magnificent throat and neck were bare, her hands were clasped upon her bosom. There was not a taint of mortality about her. Her position was one of rest and ease. You expected the bosom to heave, the long silken lashes to unclothe. She was not even dressed for the grave. Her attire was of life and enjoyment. The roses in her bouquet had been gathered that morning. Sickiness had never laid its finger upon her; but Death had come stealthily, and cut her down in the full tide of health and beauty. No one had heard his footsteps, or knew that he was there until the moment when his victim had fallen.

Arthur Leslie, a young artist, full of enthusiasm, was to paint this noble creature ere she moulded to decay. She was an only child; and her father, whom sixty summers had not made to stoop, had grown suddenly decrepit. The blow which deprived him of his daughter had shattered him. He was shut up within his chamber, from which he would presently come forth tottering and aged, and his familiar friends would scarcely know his face again.

The housekeeper retired, and the young artist was alone with the dead. He stood looking at her for some time, as if he would thoroughly acquaint himself with this masterpiece of nature ere he tried to imitate it. He felt as if he should never be weary of gazing; but his task might not be delayed, and he seized his brush and began the work with enthusiasm.

The day wore away; morning became noon, hot and oppressive, and then the shadows lengthened, and evening stole on, and the cool breeze bore through the window the perfume of flowers, and again the blackbird and the thrush were heard carolling outside.

It had been an eventful day for the young artist; he had never felt as though shut up with death, but as if in close companionship with beauty. What though the still form, with its clasped hands, had not moved—it was magnificent in its silence and repose. What it must have been in life he marvelled as he worked. Those lips must have been eloquent indeed; those eyes full of brilliance and fascination. Every movement must have been graceful and majestic!

He felt he should be sorry when his task was over; that he should scarce be able to tear himself away; that this glorious face would haunt him in his dreams; that he should never see one so beautiful again; therefore he would linger, and not finish his picture too soon. And night passed over, and morning came, and still he was at work. If he quitted the room for rest or refreshment, he was impatient until he found himself again at his easel. He wished the employment might last for ever; but, alas! it could not be. Mortality stood waiting on the threshold—corruption and the worm were about to put in their claim. At best, he could but snatch her image from their grasp. And that image grew beneath his skilful fingers, and the canvas reflected it with a faithfulness that even astonished himself. It was like the work of nature. He must have been inspired to acquit himself so well.

When his picture was completed, the young artist began in haste to sketch another. There was no time for elaboration, but he could fill it up at leisure. He would take away the outline, and memory would supply the rest—memory!—for in the artist's soul that image of beauty would live for ever.

Then at last, when he could delay no longer, he prepared to leave the spot. It was like quitting a sanctuary, a holy place. Again and again he returned to look once more—to listen, for it seemed as if the parted lips would speak. The golden hair, just agitated by the wind, was so lifelike!

He stood close by her side; he strained his ears to catch some sound; he whispered her name; he would have taken her hand, but reverence held him back. He would have knelt, and entreated her to live again, but he knew too well how inexorable is death—how re-

moriless is the grave!—how vast a gulf lay between himself and the being who had so strangely filled his soul with love and admiration. What!—be a rival of Death?—that were too presumptuous! He turned away sadly and almost in despair; and from that hour the very current of his life was changed.

CHAPTER II.

It is a pretty, cosy-looking room, as clean and spruce as hands can make it; with the polished grate, bright and flashing; the tables and chairs like looking-glass; not a particle of dust anywhere; the flower-pots in the window newly washed, and the window itself opening pleasantly into a bit of garden, exactly in the same orderly style as the house. It is Arthur's home. His sister Grace must be an admirable manager, and such she looks as she sits stitching away at her brother's shirt, her rosy face speaking of vigorous health, and her sturdy arms of unbounded strength and activity.

Grace Leslie is thoroughly domestic—domestic in season and out of season. Her thoughts all run in one channel. She lives in a world of housewifery peculiarly her own, but which is rather inconvenient as far as Arthur is concerned, and has the effect of making him carry the key of his study in his pocket. Continual cleaning is one of Grace's idiosyncrasies. Soap and water is the element she delights in. Everything must be washed, and what cannot be washed must be brushed, and beaten, and banged, until its very vitals are destroyed. Her organ of destructiveness is immense; and the number of things that come to an untimely fate in the process of being cleaned is untold. But still, on she goes, for her pertinacity is as great as her cleanliness.

She is always parting with her servants: her servants are the very torment of her life. She is constantly engaged in skirmishing with them, and the harassing warfare is only brought to an end by their leaving, and then fresh ones come, and it begins again as fierce as ever. There is no repose in Grace's disposition. Even now, as she sits stitching at the shirt, she is planning some setting to rights, on a grand scale, which is to take place next week, and when she will be in the height of her glory.

She never reads, or draws, or paints. She has no leisure for it, and it is such idle work. She is no companion for her brother, though she loves him very much. She thinks he leads a strange, useless life, and that being an artist is a dreadful waste of time. So he goes his way and she goes hers, and, like parallel lines, they can never meet.

Grace is very fond of dress. She finds a myriad of occupations where a less domestic young lady would find none at all; but when these are ended, she smartens herself up in a silk gown, generally of a bright color, and arranging her hair in a multitude of ringlets, sits down in the parlor to sew. She never fails to do this, because in the afternoon Grace always has a visitor. About five o'clock the garden-gate is opened, and a tall, shambling, awkward-looking man, well dressed, and with a face expressive of inordinate sheepishness, comes down the walk.

Mr. John Lodge is a great admirer of Miss Leslie, only as yet he has never summoned courage to say so. He sits opposite to her for hours together, wriggling on his chair, and trying to stammer out something, but that something never comes, and then he swallows it down in despair, and goes home again, to return the next day and go through precisely the same pantomime.

Grace has hardly any patience with him left. She does not dislike him. He is good-natured, has plenty of money, and a capital house to live in. She has arranged beforehand what she shall do. Turn away that lazy pack of servants the first thing (she knows they are robbing him at all ends), and manage matters herself. She will like that amazingly. There will be plenty of cleaning and setting to rights then. Those will be palmy days for Grace!

Poor John! She is very sorry for him. She is sure he is shamefully neglected. That housekeeper of his is just good-for-nothing! Grace knew that from the beginning. And how abominably his shirts are ironed! And what a color! Ah, well! Servants always were such a set! Poor John! he wants a wife to see to him, and to set him to rights. It is a pity he is so bashful!

But John is bashful. And what is worse, his bashfulness grows upon him. Look at him now, as he comes shambling down the walk, as though he expected an ogre to dart upon him from the bushes. He seems positively frightened. He is brave enough when real danger is concerned, for John is a fine fellow after all; but with a young lady the case is altered, and he sinks down into the veriest poltroon.

But John has cleared the garden and entered the parlor. He has sat down on the extreme edge of the nearest chair, and the courtship, if so it may be called, has begun. We can hardly say the conversation is very lively, seeing it is composed of questions on Grace's part, and monosyllables on John's. But, by-and-bye, it takes up a little, for Grace begins to talk about her brother, and to say what has become of him.

"He is gone on such a curious errand, Mr. Lodge. I am sure you cannot guess what it is."

No, that he cannot; John Lodge was never known to guess anything in his life.

"Well, then, he was sent for by a Mr. Clairville, a rich gentleman who lives on the borders of Wales," continued Grace, stitching away all the time, "and it is to take the likeness of his only daughter, a very beautiful young lady indeed. And the most curious part of the story is that the young lady is dead."

"Dead!" repeated John Lodge, horrified beyond description.

"Did you say dead, Miss Grace?"

"Yes, she died quite suddenly, as I might do now, dressed and at work."

"Oh, Miss Grace!" exclaimed John, drawing his chair a little nearer, and his feelings evidently worked up by the bare idea of such a catastrophe.

"People do die suddenly," said Grace, in a serious tone, and waiting to hear what he would say next.

But John had turned bashful again. The something he wanted to say could never get further than his throat. He struggled with it for a moment, then, fairly gave it up, and, pushing back his chair, relapsed into his usual taciturnity.

Arthur, in the meantime, had nearly reached his home. It was a little distance from the town of Wychford, and that little distance he chose to walk, tempted by the beauty of the evening. He was very weary, for now the excitement was over, he felt a reaction, a languor that oppressed him. He longed to return to that still chamber and look again at that beautiful face. How beautiful it was! He opened his folio and took out the sketch he had made; it was wonderfully like! And he sat down, and, with his pencil, put in a touch here and there, and would have lingered but that the sun began to sink behind the distant hills.

As he walked along he began to build again the fair fabric that death had destroyed. The living Constance rose before his imagination. He seemed to have known her all his life, and to be linked to her by a mysterious sympathy. He could have loved her, but that would have been too absurd and hopeless. He kept repeating to himself that she was dead, as if to impress the fact upon his mind; that before another week she would be laid to rest in the village churchyard, and the thought gave him a feeling of exquisite pain; and yet what was it to him, a mere stranger and passer-by? Ah! he was no stranger who had held such sweet communion with the dead; who had made her live again upon his canvas, who knew every lineament by heart, could guess at every expression.

But Arthur was no dreamer. He was young and energetic; full of life and enjoyment. He would shake off these thoughts. They were unhealthy, and would unfit him for his duties. He would think, instead, of home and of Grace, with her rosy cheeks and bustling ways, and how glad she would be to have him back.

Poor Grace! never had she been thought of to less advantage. It was little she could do to drive away the image of Constance from his mind. A short, stout girl, the very roses making her look courtified; her manners and occupations unrefined; her ways tiresome, to say the best of them; and most uncomfortably clean! Oh, no! she could never dethrone his goddess. It was Chloe against Juno of Olympus. But Grace, whatever her shortcomings might be, was very affectionate, and she welcomed Arthur back with so much genuine kindness, that for a moment he forgave her everything—cleaning and all!

She had the tea ready, and his easy chair, and his slippers, and all the little home comforts he needed, just to his hand. She had plenty to tell him, too, but her news was neither pleasant nor original, so she kept it back until he, in his turn, should have told her all about his journey.

"I did not like your going, Arthur," said she abruptly, and utterly

unconscious of what was passing in his mind; "I could not bear the idea of your painting that dead woman."

"For Heaven's sake, Grace, do not call her by such a name!" cried Arthur, hastily; "she was as beautiful as an angel! with a face more enchanting than I can describe."

"But she was dead, I suppose," repeated Grace, obstinately.

"She was dead, as far as the mere cessation of animal life is concerned," he replied; "but that is a one-sided view of death. The poet never dies; no more does the artist; and this beautiful face I have painted will live in my imagination for ever."

Arthur seldom gave vent to his feelings before his sister, and it was well he refrained from doing so; for no sooner had he finished speaking than Grace cried out, setting down her teacup, "Dear me! what a heap of nonsense you are talking!"

"Wait till you have seen her picture, Grace," said her brother. "Stay, I can show you a sketch; it is only a sketch, mind. I shall paint from it by-and-by."

Arthur opened his folio and laid the sketch beside her. She looked at it with one of her peculiar expressions, half closing her eyes and holding her head on one side. Then suddenly exclaimed in a disdainful tone, "Well, and is this all?"

"What more would you have?" he asked. "See what a magnificent forehead! What perfect features! The mouth—can anything be more exquisitely formed? Its smiles must have been enchantment, and nothing short of music could have issued from those lips."

"You make a great deal out of a very little," was Grace's rejoinder; "she is tolerably good-looking, but too tall to please me. If she stood up she would be a maypole."

Arthur took away his sketch; he could not bear to have his Juno pecked at. Grace felt angry, as people generally do when they cannot understand each other.

"Do not go back to your study yet," said she, as her brother rose from the table. "I have so much to tell you. That saucy, good-for-nothing Ann—"

Arthur sprang hastily up. "You must excuse me, Grace, but I am going to be busy;" and he made for the door.

"How tiresome that is of you, Arthur!" exclaimed his sister.

"Here have I been three whole days by myself, with no one to speak to but Mr. Lodge; and he is as good as nobody, and in no end of troubles; and now you are come home, you will not listen to one of them."

"My dear Grace, I will listen to all your real troubles," said Arthur, kindly; "but you make so many that are not real, that if I listened to them I should have nothing else to do."

"It is a real trouble to have that saucy, good-for-nothing Ann—"

"I will not hear!" cried Arthur, stopping his ears. "There have been too many Anns, and Janes, and Rebeccas, and Marthas already. Indeed, Grace, you must manage these things yourself without troubling me."

"Yes, and some of these days I will turn artist, too," said Grace, angrily, "and have a study, and shut myself up in it, and paint all day, and then you will see what becomes of you."

"With all my heart, Grace," returned Arthur; "and the sooner the better."

"Or else I will marry Mr. Lodge, and go away and leave you," said Grace, very much exasperated.

"That is a worse threat than the other, Grace, because it is by far the most likely to be put into execution," said Arthur. "But come, you and I know each other better than to quarrel. Put on your bonnet and let us have a stroll."

CHAPTER III.

ARTHUR LESLIE well deserves a word or two of description. He was master of his pencil and brush, and, in his art, but few could excel him. His manners were polished, his temper sweet and playful. He had a generous heart, a clear, steady judgment, and an intellect well cultivated and never at a loss. He was handsome. Such a mind would necessarily clothe itself in beauty of expression, but he had a beauty of feature too. His smile was wonderfully fascinating, his voice rich and melodious. He would have matched well with such a one as Constance Clairville if Death had not put in his decree against it.

For a whole month after his return Arthur occupied himself in painting his picture of Constance from the sketch he had taken. It was a delightful task, but dangerous. He felt like one suffering from a secret wound, and as he painted, the wound became deeper. The picture was marvellously beautiful, and when it was completed he hung it up in his study, placed a curtain before it, and thought to dismiss the subject from his mind.

But to dismiss the subject was impossible. He could think of nothing else. In vain he roused himself and arrayed the strength of his will against it. In spite of all, his mind would wander back to the quiet chamber, with its open window and its fragrant flowers. He could not choose but recall the golden tresses, the silent and majestic form. "She was so beautiful," he would say, "such a glorious creature! Were it any rival less powerful than Death I would move heaven and earth to win her! But she is gone, and nothing remains to me but this—" and he drew back the curtain and looked mournfully at the picture.

Grace had little time to minister to her brother's sorrow. Her Janes and Marthas filled her mind too entirely. But even she could not help noticing how pale and thin he had become, and how he had never been the same since the journey into Wales. It dawned by slow degrees upon her mind that the dead woman, as she persisted in calling her, had somewhat to answer for in the matter, and she resolved to sound her brother about it the very first opportunity.

"You shut yourself up a great deal too much, Arthur," said she, one evening as they were sitting together, "and paint, they say, is very unhealthy. I wish you would let us clean out your study, and make it sweet and wholesome."

"Clean out my study! No, Grace, not while I am alive and can prevent it!" cried Arthur, energetically.

"But we should not hurt anything," said Grace, "and you cannot think how much healthier it would be. I long to set Jane to scour it."

"Jane had better let it alone, if she consults her personal safety," said Arthur, laughing, "and does not relish a speedy exit through the window."

"Well, have it your own way," cried Grace, provoked as she always was when contradicted on her favorite subject; "if you like to live in an atmosphere of dust and dirt, I have not the least objection. Then," added she, vexatiously, though she had meant at first to say it kindly, "you have never been yourself since you painted that dead woman in Wales."

Arthur stared, and turned crimson.

"I am going to Wales again soon," said he, quietly, and making an effort at self-command.

"I dare say you are; to look at her grave. Everybody can see how it is; you are over head and ears in love with her," said Grace, coarsely and abruptly.

"Grace," said Arthur, rising, "I will trouble you never to allude to that subject again, or if you do, not in my hearing," and he left the room hastily, and before she had time to reply.

Grace was completely put down. She was very sorry for what she had said—so sorry that she swelled her eyes up with crying, and ashamed of Arthur seeing her, went to bed on pretence of a bad headache. But she tossed restlessly to and fro, and felt all the symptoms of a guilty conscience, especially when she heard Arthur come in from a solitary walk, and go back into his study, where he remained till nearly midnight. What could she be thinking of, to speak to him so roughly? She wished to her heart he had never gone to Wales. It was an ominous journey, and had brought no good to any one. She had half a mind to get up and go down and ask his pardon; but she was afraid of him when he stood upon his dignity. There were two Arthurs to her mind, one grave and severe, and the artist; the other playful and gentle, and her brother. She did not know which she should find in the study, but rather guessed the former. No, no, she dare not go. She would make it up in the morning.

But hark! there he is going to bed, and time he did, seeing how pale and ill he looks. And he is coming straight to Grace's room. She felt really alarmed, and sat up in her bed, with her eyes opened to their utmost, and wondering what had happened.

It was Arthur, his candle in his hand.

"Are you asleep, Grace?" said he, standing in the doorway.

"No, I am not asleep. But what on earth brings you here?" cried Grace.

"Only to say good-night, and to ask if you can have anything to cure your headache," said Arthur, kindly and going up to her.

"Nothing, but you to say that you forgive me," cried poor Grace, bursting into tears. "I ought not to have said it."

"You will not say it again," returned Arthur, kissing her affectionately. "You have too kind a heart, Grace, to wish to give me pain."

"Oh, I would rather give any one pain than you," cried Grace eagerly; "I know I torment you sadly, Arthur, my ways are so different to yours."

"They are good housewifely ways, though a little too clean, perhaps," said Arthur, cheerfully; "but I wanted to tell you that I am going a journey to-morrow, and shall start before you are up in the morning."

"Oh, do not go!" she cried. "I hate your being out! Pray do not."

"I must as it happens," he replied. "I am in the middle of a picture, and a landscape I saw in the country suggests itself to me as just what I want. Now, as the mountain will not go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain."

"Still, I do not like you to go," said Grace. "To Wales, particularly—no, I am not going to say anything," she added, for Arthur laid his finger on his lip; "but could not you find a landscape that would do nearer home?"

"No, I really could not," he replied. "So you must get rid of your headache while I am gone. And not run away with Mr. Lodge, do you hear?"

"Oh yes, I hear," said Grace. "But how long shall you be away?"

"A day or two at farthest," was the reply. "So, now, good night, and pleasant dreams to you."

Arthur took himself off, and Grace felt comforted by this visit of her brother. She resolved to get up and make his breakfast, be it at what hour it might. But sleep was more than a match for her, and Arthur was gone before she came down. She had a solitary breakfast, and was unusually out of spirits. She was sure that Arthur was very unwell. He looked terribly ill when he came in to bid her good-night, and she augured no good of his second journey into the country.

Grace sadly wanted some one to speak to about it. Mr. Lodge was of no use as a confidant; he was too chary of his own secrets to find any room for hers. Who could she consult, and relieve her anxiety by telling?

Now, as it happened, there was an old friend of the family, a Mrs. Ferrars, who, with her daughter, resided in Chester Square. They were very stylish people indeed. They gave balls and routs in the winter, bloomed out like May flowers in the spring, took drives in the parks in summer, and were never by any chance to be found at home in the autumn. In fact, they followed out all the whims and caprices of the fashionable world to a letter. It was whispered by a few ill-natured folks, that it required a vast amount of skill on Mrs. Ferrars's part to make both ends meet, and that if she had not been an eminent tactician it would have been impossible. There were rumors of pinching and contriving behind the scenes, and of autumn excursions no farther than the back rooms. But, however this might be, nothing exhibited any outward sign of economy, and season after season Mrs. Ferrars and her daughter appeared upon the stage, as grand and as stylish as ever.

Victorine Ferrars was a handsome and accomplished woman, perfectly well bred, and knew everything—from Mendelssohn to music work. She could talk admirably on politics, literature, and even on religion; or if needs be, she could gossip and invent chit-chat where graver topics were not acceptable. She could play, and sing, and dance, and draw, and do all well and in good taste. Good taste was one of her principal characteristics. She knew exactly how to adjust the harmony of colors, and never wore a ribbon amiss or a dress that did not become her. She was winning and fascinating in her manners, always maintaining a just equilibrium, and never betrayed into any undue emotion. Her calmness and self-possession gave her an immense advantage. She was precisely what she would be, neither more nor less.

It was to Mrs. Ferrars that Grace wrote the full account of her brother, his journey, his taking the portrait of Miss Clairville, and the result. Her letter came one morning as the mother and daughter were sitting down to breakfast, and gave rise to a very important conversation.

Slight as the incident of Grace's epistle might seem, it suggested something new and startling. The same idea occurred to both, but neither Victorine nor her mother were ever guilty of precipitancy. They were diplomatic even towards each other, so they conversed a little time, as if the circumstance had been of ordinary interest.

"I am surprised to hear this about Arthur," said Mrs. Ferrars, pouring out the tea; "but, with his good common sense, he will soon get over it. What do you think, Victorine?"

"I doubt it, mamma," replied Victorine; "at least as far as the soon is concerned. Arthur is very susceptible of impressions, especially pleasurable ones."

"But the sight of a dead person can hardly be pleasurable, my dear," said her mother.

"He did not think of her as dead," said Victorine. "He simply thought of her as the most beautiful woman he had ever seen."

"Well, but by this time he must have realized the fact of her being dead, and that he can never see her again," replied Mrs. Ferrars.

"Except in his imagination, mamma," said her daughter, "and in the portrait Grace speaks about. I have not the least doubt but that Arthur has fallen in love with her." And she buttered her toast with great precision.

"But, my dear, it is too absurd to think of," said Mrs. Ferrars.

"What! fall in love with a lady on the eve of her funeral?"

"I do not mean falling in love exactly in the sense one understands it as referring to living people," said Victorine; "but I mean that Arthur has been very much struck with the beauty of this—Constance, I think you said her name was?"

"Yes, Constance Clairville," replied her mother, looking again at the letter.

"Well, then, he will for some time to come cherish a morbid attachment to her, and make himself very miserable indeed," said Victorine.

"I wonder what can be done," said Mrs. Ferrars, in a tone of concern. "Arthur is too good and clever to run to seed in a churchyard. Can you suggest nothing, my dear, in reply to Grace's letter?"

"I hardly know, mamma," replied Victorine. "I must think a minute."

Victorine did think a minute, and her thoughts ran thus: "It is of no use mamma making believe; I can see what she is scheming as clear as daylight. Yes, it would be a good chance for me. Arthur is well off, and rising in his profession, and the time is going by for trifling. One cannot stand still at twenty-eight." Here was an imperceptible sigh. "I could easily cut out this Constance if I were once upon the field. The living surely can be a match for the dead. Not that I care for Arthur the least in the world. I almost think I dislike him, he is so good, and good people are desperately tiresome. Still, his position pleases me, and it would be worth the trial; mamma thinks so, too, I see it in her face."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Ferrars was cogitating in like manner: "Victorine must know what a good speculation it would be, especially as she has let so many slip through her fingers. She has been on my hands quite long enough, and I cannot afford to let her be an old maid. Apart from the odium of the thing, there will be nothing for her to live upon after my death, for then my annuity will come to an end. Victorine might easily creep into Arthur's good graces. She has too much sense to expect to marry for love. No one but a girl in her teens ever dreams of such a thing. If she plays her cards well, the adventure in Wales may resolve itself greatly to our advantage. She is too sharp and clever not to see it at once."

"Well, Victorine," said the good lady aloud, "and pray what may your thoughts be like?"

"I am very stupid this morning, mamma," was the reply. "I can only patch up one solitary idea."

"If it is a good one, never mind its being solitary," said Mrs. Ferrars. "Come, let us have it."

"I was thinking," replied Victorine, "that Grace had better send for some one to amuse her brother. Some pretty girl, I mean, who would drive this odd fancy out of his head."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Mrs. Ferrars. "She could not do better. But where is this pretty girl to be found?"

"Indeed, I really do not know," replied Victorine. "There is Sophia Jarvis—"

"Impossible!" interrupted Mrs. Ferrars. "She is not even good-looking."

"Marianne Fuller!" suggested Victorine.

"Arthur cannot endure her," said Mrs. Ferrars.

"Jane Thompson?" continued Victorine.

"The name is enough, my dear," said Mrs. Ferrars; "and you forget she has red hair."

"One of the six Jenners, then?" suggested Victorine. "They are all handsome."

"But not striking," said her mother; "and not companionable, either—mere raw schoolgirls. No, no! You must think again."

"I confess I am quite at a loss, mamma," said Victorine. "Handsome women are so scarce. Let me see—"

"I have a better plan than yours in my head, my dear," said Mrs. Ferrars; "and that is for you to go and see Grace yourself, and talk it over with her."

"And try whom we can hunt up between us, I suppose?" said Victorine, smiling.

"Exactly," replied Mrs. Ferrars. "Poor Grace needs a little counsel. Arthur is from home, and she is quite by herself. One should be a little attentive to one's friends."

"It will be an insufferable bore," began Victorine, playing with her teaspoon.

"Of course it will," said her mother. "Poor Grace is so odd, and her brother—by-the-bye, you need not see him unless you like. You can come back before he gets home. It is but two hours by rail."

"I think I had better just see him," replied Victorine, speaking her words deliberately, and for the first time looking full into her mother's face.

"Perhaps you had, my dear; but it is quite immaterial: you are not going to set your cap at him, you know," said her mother, laughing.

"Oh, dear no!" cried Victorine, laughing too. "But it is inconvenient to fix the exact time for coming back before one gets there. Something may detain me."

"Of course," said her mother, "something may; and if you enjoy yourself, you need not hurry home on my account: I can, at a stretch, spare you for a week."

"Thank you, dear mamma," returned Victorine. "And now about my wardrobe? I need not take anything with me but just the dress I have on."

"There is no positive necessity. But you may be invited out, and it would be unpleasant to have left your wardrobe at home. I should advise you to take your new satin dress. Even if you do not put it on, the journey will do it no harm," said Mrs. Ferrars gaily, for her spirits were evidently rising.

"Do you think that better than the pink glacé?" said Victorine.

"Pink suits me so well."

"So it does," replied her mother; "but the other is the handsomest."

"What shall I do?" asked Victorine.

"Take them both," said her mother. "It is the easiest way of getting over the difficulty; and then you can wear which you please."

"And my pretty new muslins?" suggested Victorine; "it is a pity to leave them behind."

"So it is," said Mrs. Ferrars; "and they suit you admirably. Take them all, Victorine; you could not do better."

"But, dear mamma," exclaimed Victorine, "only think of my luggage! and to stay a week."

"Never mind," said her mother. "Such a thing might happen as for you to stay a fortnight; and it would be excessively inconvenient for me to send your boxes after you."

"Well, perhaps it would be the best," said Victorine; "but do you think I can exist a fortnight in that dulllest of all dull places, mamma?"

"I do not know, my dear; it will depend on circumstances," said her mother, drily.

"I think I had better begin to pack," said Victorine. "If I go, there is no time to be lost."

"Not a single hour," replied Mrs. Ferrars, with emphasis. "Go, my dear, and I will write to Grace."

(To be continued.)

THEATRICAL.

WINTER GARDEN.—The "Octoroon" has given place, and Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are now playing their round of sparkling pieces to overflowing and appreciative audiences. "The Magic Joke," "The Fairy Circle," and "The Irish Tiger," alternately convulse the audience with laughter and charm them with brilliant dialogue and splendid scenic effect. The "Prince of the Doleful Isles," Mrs. Williams in male imitations, is a right royal looking personage, of statueque proportions, and a merry one withal. And the masculine partner—what can we say of him that has not already been said? He is "a broth of a boy" on the stage, and keeps up his end of the whiffletree—a no easy task, by the way, with a blooded mate of such vivacity and talent. Success to both.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

THE Richmond papers tell us that the Palmetto people, in the exuberance of their rage, consequent on the capture of Fort Royal, propose to raise the "black flag," inscribed "Death and no quarter," and then proceed to exterminate the "Yankee barbarians" who have polluted their most "sacred soil." The Richmond correspondent of the Petersburg Express proclaims this determination in the following language, which sounds something like that we were wont to hear on the floors of Congress, in the days when Secession was represented there. Hear, oh earth! "The spring of hope must now, with the Yankees, die upon the winter winds. Already has the black flag been hoisted upon the soil of South Carolina, and war to the knife, the knife to the hilt, and thence to the shoulder, been proclaimed by her noble sons as the only booty which Yankee hireling invaders shall receive at their hands. This is right. It is the only way to conquer a people with a people so lost and degraded as those which compose the grand army of the puppet Government. We look anxiously for news from the sunny South; hopefully, prayerfully, with no misgivings. Now that the rallying cry is, 'No quarter to the invaders of our soil,' may we not believe that the course inaugurated by South Carolina will be followed by our whole army, and thus end this war?"

A TERRIBLE accident occurred in the rebel camp at Columbus, Ky., on the 11th of November. A Dahlgren gun exploded, killing two lieutenants and six privates. Gen. Polk narrowly escaped. A portion of his clothes were torn off.

THE New Orleans Crescent explodes the rebel stories about the number of vessels that have run the blockade, and which have been set afloat for foreign effect. It says that not a vessel has entered the port of New Orleans from the sea since the 29th of May last. There have been some arrivals of small schooners from the bayous and inland waters, but no arrivals of sea-going ships. It concludes by reproving the authors of the wild stories about "running the blockade," in the following language: "It is misleading foreign Governments to make assertions of this character, that the blockade is easily avoided, when not a vessel has entered the port of New Orleans via the river for over five months, and only one via the lakes from a foreign port."

THE Charleston Mercury says: "The Richmond papers still speak in confidence of a battle soon to take place between the main bodies of the two great armies on the Potomac. Such a battle must be terrible in its slain, and most critical in its consequences. But there is hardly, we presume, a man in the Confederate army, or in the Confederate States, who will not gladly nerve themselves to know the certainty of such an event. Even as a matter of life, the hazards of a battle with the enemy are preferable to the disease and destruction which must await the army in the unprepared and desperate winter quarters near Centerville and Manassas."

SCARCITY of food is severely felt throughout the South, and the popular clamor for "bread" causes serious alarm in many of the principal towns. Riots are anticipated. The Macon (Ga.) Telegraph says: "We published yesterday a very significant address from the Mayor of Augusta, upon the subject of speculative operations in bread-stuffs and provisions. The Mayor evidently feared a state of exasperation which might endanger the public peace. It is not our purpose to intimate the existence of any such danger here or elsewhere, but it is nevertheless true that the transactions in breadstuffs and provisions, evidently for the mere purpose of speculation, do excite ill feeling at this time, and should be avoided by prudent and good men who value the good opinion of their fellow-citizens. We speak in kindness, and with the best feeling toward all concerned, and, at the same time, in the earnest hope that this hint will be taken into consideration." The Nashville Union comments thus on the above paragraph: "It is worse than folly to deny that a similar feeling exists in this State. It is patent to all. The murmuring of discontent grows louder every day, and it is part of wisdom and patriotism to see whether something cannot be done to avert a calamity more dire than the war which the Lincoln Government is urging upon us."

LITERARY ON DITS AND ART NOTICES.

It is announced that a new magazine is to be started in Boston, with George P. Putnam as publisher in this city, to be called the Continental Monthly, with Chas. G. Leland as editor; a periodical which is to grapple with the actualities of the times, and which will say white is white, and black is black, without fear or favor. This is neither the era of dilettanti magazines or newspapers, it is a period of gigantic political and social throes and transformations. Happy he who comprehends their importance and the part which every true man is called on to fill in the emergency which impends. We hope the Continental will prove itself a true offspring of the times, "a voice crying aloud and sparing not."

MAJOR THEODORE WINTHROP, aide-de-camp to General Butler, who is said to have planned the unfortunate attack on Big Bethel, which failed, through no fault of his, and in which he laid down his life, left a MS. novel, "Ocell Dreeme," which is announced from the press of Ticknor and Field, Boston, with a biographical sketch of the author, by Geo. W. Curtis, the "Lounge" of Harper's Weekly.

GARDNER A. FULLER, of Boston, has published a cheap edition of Dickens's "Great Expectations."

THE 3d and 4th volumes of Thomas Carlyle's "History of Frederick the Great," of Prussia, will be published during the coming year.

MURRAY, of London, has in press "The Story of Lord Bacon's Life."

MESSRS. PEMBERTON AND BRADY, conforming to the tastes and fancies of a portion of the public, have reproduced in facsimile some of the most interesting documents and newspapers of the colonial and revolutionary periods. We have before us among others, "The New England Weekly Journal," B. No. LV, Boston, April 8, 1728, which certainly has all the dinginess and discoloration of the original. Its contents are quite as various, and we think rather more reliable than those of its mammoth descendants of to-day. Among other things it gives us the origin of the stocking loom; it gives also the address of Robert Hunter, Esq. long ago dead and forgotten, on assuming the position of Captain-General of Jamaica, and the reply thereto by personages of moment in 1728, but now of small importance, historical or otherwise. It tells how the Countess of Walsingham and her niece arrived at Aix la Chapelle, and we involuntarily ask, "Who the d— was the Countess of Walsingham, and what the dickens became of her niece?" The Landgrave of Hesse Cassell is ill, and on "Saturday last the Earl of Pomfret kissed their majesties' hands, etc." On the week ending that day, Monday, April 8, 1728, there died in Boston five whites and one black, and there were baptised in the several churches nine. Among the advertisements are the following, which would look queerly in a Boston journal of this day: "A very likely negro woman who can do household work, and is fit either for town or country service, about 22 years of age, to be sold, inquire of the printer hereof." "A very likely negro girl, about 13 or 14 years of age, speaks good English, has been in the country some years, to be sold, inquire of the printer hereof."

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

POTOMAC AND BUTTERMILK.—An amusing story is told by some Dubuque boys of the "Iowa first," about the changes which a certain password underwent about the time of the battle of Springfield. One of the Dubuque officers, whose duty it was to furnish the guards with a password for the night, gave the word "Potomac." A German on guard, not understanding distinctly the difference between the B and P, understood it to be "Buttomilk," and this on being transferred to another, was corrupted to "Buttermilk." Soon afterward the officer who had given the word wished to return through the lines, and approaching a sentinel, was ordered to halt, and the word demanded.

He gave "Potomac."

"Nicht right, you don't pass mit me dis way."

"But this is the word, and I will pass."

"No, you stan;" at the same time placing a bayonet at his breast in a manner that told Mr. Officer that "Potomac" didn't pass in Missouri.

"What is the word then?"

"Buttermilk, d—n you."

"Well then, 'buttermilk d—n you.'"

"Dat is right; now you pass mit yourself all about your piness."

There was then a general overhauling of the password, and the difference between the Potomac and Buttermilk being understood, the joke became one of the laughable incidents of the campaign.

THE Kentucky correspondent of a Cincinnati paper relates that, while on an expedition to Barboursville with the Rev. Mr. Fullerton, aide-de-camp to General Schoepf, a pair of Ethiopians, dark as Erebus, were met, to whom the fighting parson, after some interrogation, proceeded to administer this oath: "You do swear to abjure the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and especially one Jeff. Davis." The darkeys grinned and took it easy, as they would a corn dodger.

LETTER FROM A DARLING.—A lad of less than 16, named Darling, from Pittsfield, Mass., recently enlisted in Captain Cromwell's company, in the Northern Black Horse Cavalry. On learning that he had a sick mother at home, who was sadly afflicted by his departure, the Captain discharged the youngster and sent him home, as the brave lad supposed on a furlough. He has received the following acknowledgment of his kindness from the sister of the "bold soldier boy."

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Oct. 20.

CAPTAIN CROMWELL.—Dear Sir: My brother, David H. Darling, a lad of sixteen, left home and joined your command without the consent or even the knowledge of our parents. I went from school to see him last Thursday, and stated these facts to your 2d Lieutenant. Our young soldier returned home on Friday, on a furlough as he supposed, and seeing the effect of his conduct upon my mother and a sick sister, gave his consent to remain. But he is very much afraid you will think that he did not give you his promise to return in good faith, or to use his own term, that he has "backed out," so he made me promise before I returned that I would explain it to you. This, then, is, "to certify," gentlemen, that the young Darling aforesaid has not abated his desire in the least degree to serve his country under your especial guidance, although he has consented to devote himself in the more humble capacity of staying at home and minding his mother. Having reached the advanced age of 16, he possesses the strength of Hercules, the sagacity of Telemachus, Agular's bravery, and the patriotism of Washington, whom you have probably heard mentioned before. Would that he could add to these a few of Michael's superfluous years, for youth, though no crime, is very inconvenient in his case. Of course the advancement of the Black Horse Cavalry is materially retarded, and its glory dimmed for a season; but wherever you are at the end of two years, he is determined to join you. If thou wouldn't take me in his place, I should be very happy to go. I believe not only in this war, but fighting in general, and think that if women were permitted to use the "knock down argument," it would civilize not only their mutual relations, but also their treatment of your much-abused sex. Meantime, awaiting thy orders, I am respectfully thine,

JENNIE DARLING.

P. S.—If you are married, please hand this over to your 2d Lieutenant.

A CHINESE LUNCHEON.—This lunch was composed of fruits and tea. Apples, pears, peaches, Japanese nuts, a kind of yellow tomato, and grapes; then dried fruits, jujubes, stewed apples and pears, oranges and raisins formed the bill of fare. The dried fruits and the confectionary were served on plates of fine porcelain. The fruits in season, cut into small pieces, appeared also on *compottiers* of porcelain. The service for each guest consisted of a saucer for a plate; a little silver cup, about the size of a thimble, for the samshoo; a teacup, with its silver saucer and porcelain cover; and a knife and two-pronged fork to transfix and seize the fruit which was served in the *compottiers*. Each dish, or *compottier*, was supported by a carved root and four perfume burners, in raised enamel, which threw around the odor of pastilles. The servants, whose duty it was to change each guest's cup of tea directly after he had carried it to his lips, waited in vain for the moment when we swallowed the villainous samshoo and they could refill our microscopic goblets. Some pastry was brought as a finish to the collation. They were made with lard, which still flowed from their golden crusts. We found among these indescribable cakes, which excited our mistrust, some puddings and cakes which were more suitable to our European palates. The feast was crowned by the unexpected arrival of a hamper of iced lemonade, which the worthy intendant, anxious to serve Europeans with liquor to their taste, had procured from some European merchant, who had persuaded him that that beverage was the nectar of the Barbarians.—*Ker's Chinese Expedition.*

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.—Apropos of treason, now unfortunately too prevalent, we take the following from "Curwen's Records," March 20, 1782. On the Earl of Surrey's rising in Parliament to make his motion about removing Ministers, he happened to spy Arnold, the American seceding General in the House, sent him a message to depart, threatening, in case of refusal, to move for breaking up the gallery, to which the General answered that he was introduced there by a member. To which Lord Surrey replied, he might, under that condition, stay, if he would promise never to enter it again. With which General Arnold complied. This is the second instance of public disrespect he had met with; the king having been forced to engage his royal word not to employ or pension him—a just reward for treachery, which is ever odious.

REV. JAMES F. CLARKE, of Massachusetts, in his remarks at the funeral of Lieutenant Putnam, related the following incident of the gallant Putnam: "The Polish soldier was gently rebuked by Washington for rash exposure of his life. He replied, 'General, my father died, killed in battle, when he was 22; my grandfather died in battle, fighting for his country, when he was 23; General, I am 25, and I am ashamed to be alive.'"

COMMODORE CHARLES WILKES,

WHOSE name is now upon the lips of every American, is well known both in science and navigation. He was born in the State of New York, in 1805, and entered the Naval service of his country in 1818, being but 13 years of age. He gave evidence of marked ability by scientific researches, and subsequently received at the hands of the American Government the command of a Naval Expedition, intended to explore the countries bordering on the Pacific and Southern Oceans. His command consisted of two sloops of war, a brig and two tenders, and he himself had the grade of Captain. He doubled Cape Horn, crossed over to Polynesia, Van Diemen's Land and Australia, advancing as high as the 61st degree of south latitude; he then visited the Feejee Islands and Borneo, and returned to New York in 1842, by way of Singapore and the Cape of Good Hope. This memorable expedition of four years was fertile in useful observations, which Captain Wilkes subsequently gave to the world in a very able work, in five octavo volumes, entitled, "A Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition."

Captain Wilkes has published several works on geographical research, especially valuable for reference. The statistics, drawings, maps, etc., are of the highest order. The Geographical Society of London, in 1848, presented him with a gold medal in appreciation of his labors. Captain Wilkes received his present commission in 1855, and stands, according to the last Navy List, No. 51 on the list of Captains. He has been in the service altogether about 43 years, having been on shore and other duty 27 years, and on sea service 10 years, leaving but seven years of his term unemployed. His last duty at sea was in June, 1842, and before being ordered to the San Jacinto, he was on special duty at Washington upon matters connected with his Exploring Expedition.

Returning from the Coast of Africa he found orders on his way home to look for pirates or vessels attempting to run the blockade, and has been performing that duty for the past six weeks. While engaged in this business he fell in with the vessel containing the two rebel Ministers, whose capture has caused so great a sensation in this country, and is likely to create a greater abroad. It is safe to say that no act performed by any officer in the Naval service has ever met so signal and complete an approval by the American people. The Common Council of New York, on the 21st of November, voted Com. Wilkes the freedom of the city, in commendation and endorsement of his conduct.



COMMODORE CHARLES WILKES, U. S. NAVY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

DYING WORDS.

ALL the flashes of instinctive heroism and prescient thirst of glory which are commonly ascribed to Nelson are indisputable. It has been vaguely rumored, indeed, that the signal originally proposed by him at Trafalgar was "Nelson expects every man to do

his duty," and that England was substituted at the suggestion of Hardy or Blackwood. According to the authentic narrative of Southey, Nelson asked Captain Blackwood if he did not think there was a signal wanting. "Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. The words were scarcely spoken before the signal was made which will be remembered as long as the language or even the memory of England shall endure." Nelson's last intelligible words were, "Thank God, I have done my duty."

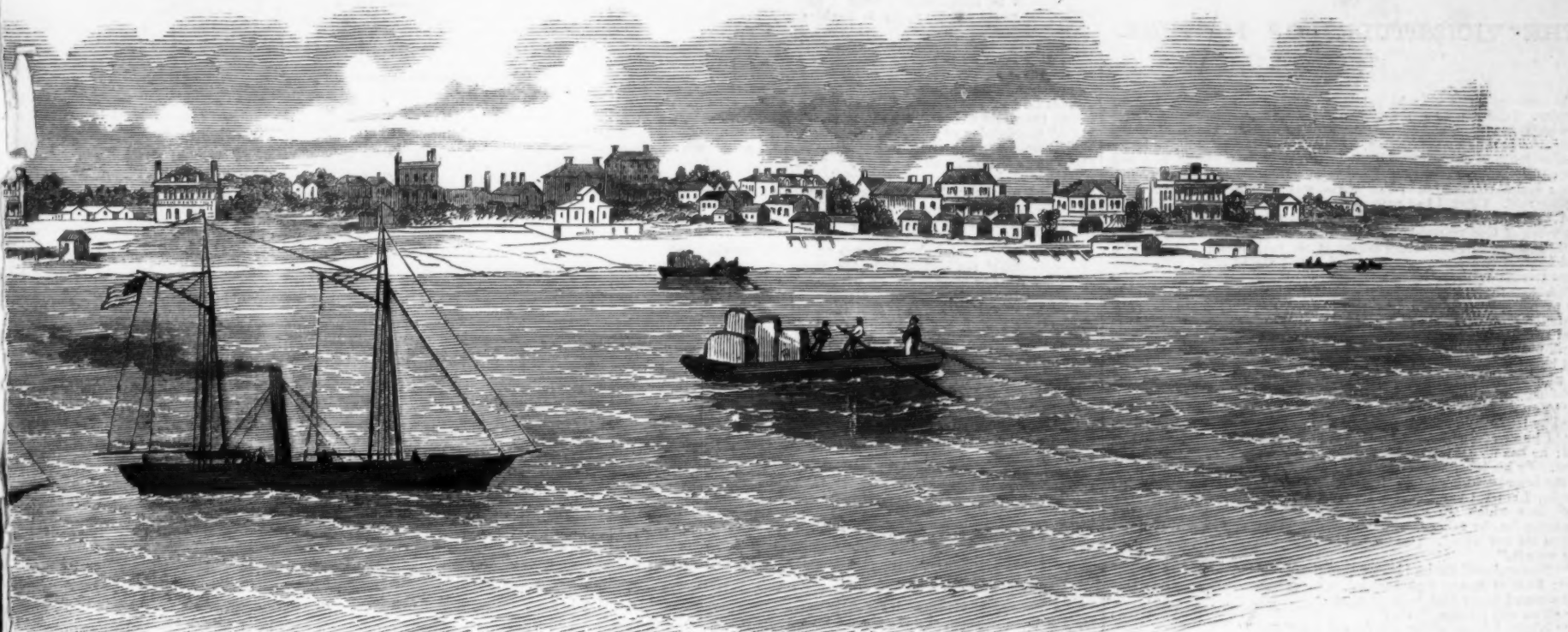
Dying words and speeches present an ample field for the inventive faculties of biographers and historians. It is reported that Louis XIV.'s to Madame de Maintenon were, "We shall soon meet again," and that she murmured, "A pleasant rendezvous he is giving me; that man never loved any one but himself." Of Talleyrand M. Louis Blanc relates: "When the Abbé Dupanloup repeated to him the words of the Archbishop of Paris—'I would give my life for M. de Talleyrand,' he replied, 'He might make a better use of it, and expired.'"

Do such narratives command implicit faith? Did Goethe die calling for light? or Frederic Schlegel with *aber* (but) in his mouth? or Klabauts exclaiming, "Drop the curtain; the farce is played out?" or Chesterfield, just after telling the servant, with characteristic politeness, "Give Dayrolles a chair?" or Locke remarking to Mrs. Masham, "Life is a poor vanity?" Did the expiring Addison call the young Earl of Warwick to his bedside that he might learn "how a Christian could die?" Was Pitt's heart broken by Austerlitz, and were the last words he uttered, "My country, oh, my country?" George Rose, who had access to the best information, says they were; and says also that the news of the armistice after the battle of Austerlitz drove Pitt's gout from the extremities to the stomach. But the Duke of Wellington, who met Pitt at Stanmore Priory shortly after the arrival of the news, always maintained that Pitt's spirit was not by any means broken by the disappointment. On plausible grounds it has been alleged that Canning's last illness was aggravated by suppressed anger at one of Lord Grey's attacks; that he had serious thoughts of being called up to the House of Peers to

answer it; and that his dying words were, "Give me time! give me time!" Lord Chatham made his son read to him, a day or two before he died, the passage of Pope's "Homer" describing the death of Hector, and when he had done, said—"Read it again."

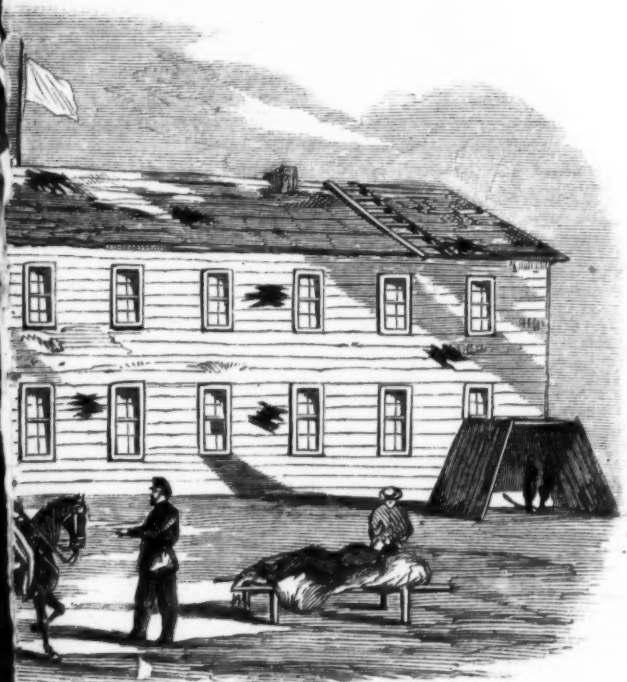


WAR INCIDENT—OFFICERS LANDING FROM THE FLEET OFF FORT WALKER—CONTRABAND WHARVES.—SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 30.

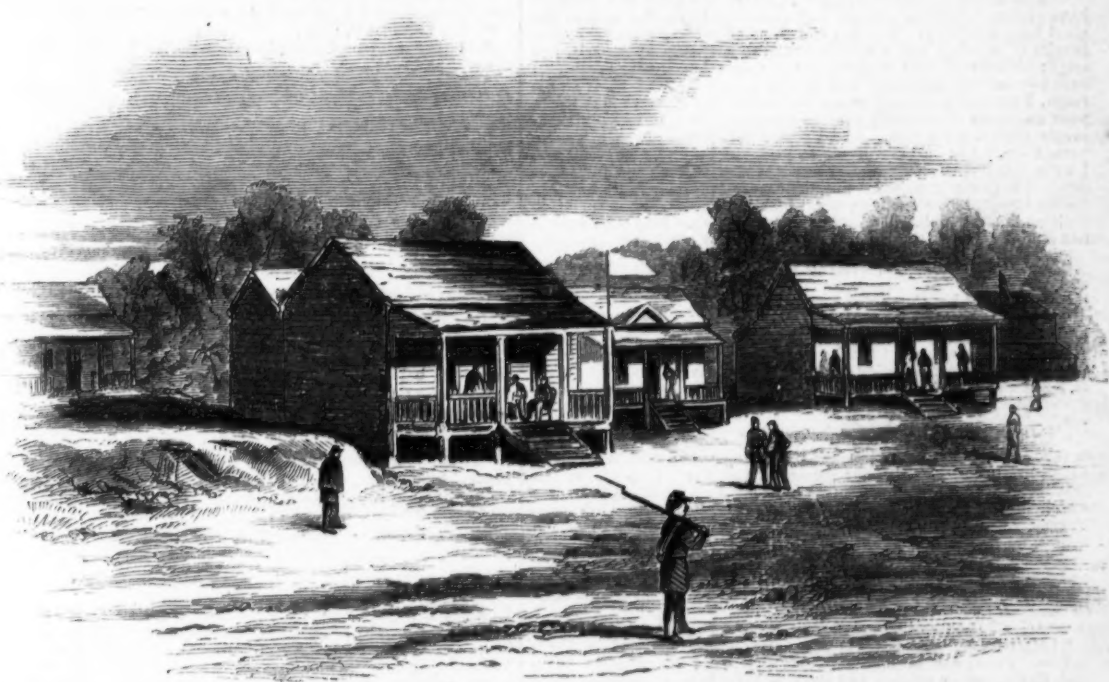


Seneca. Hotel.

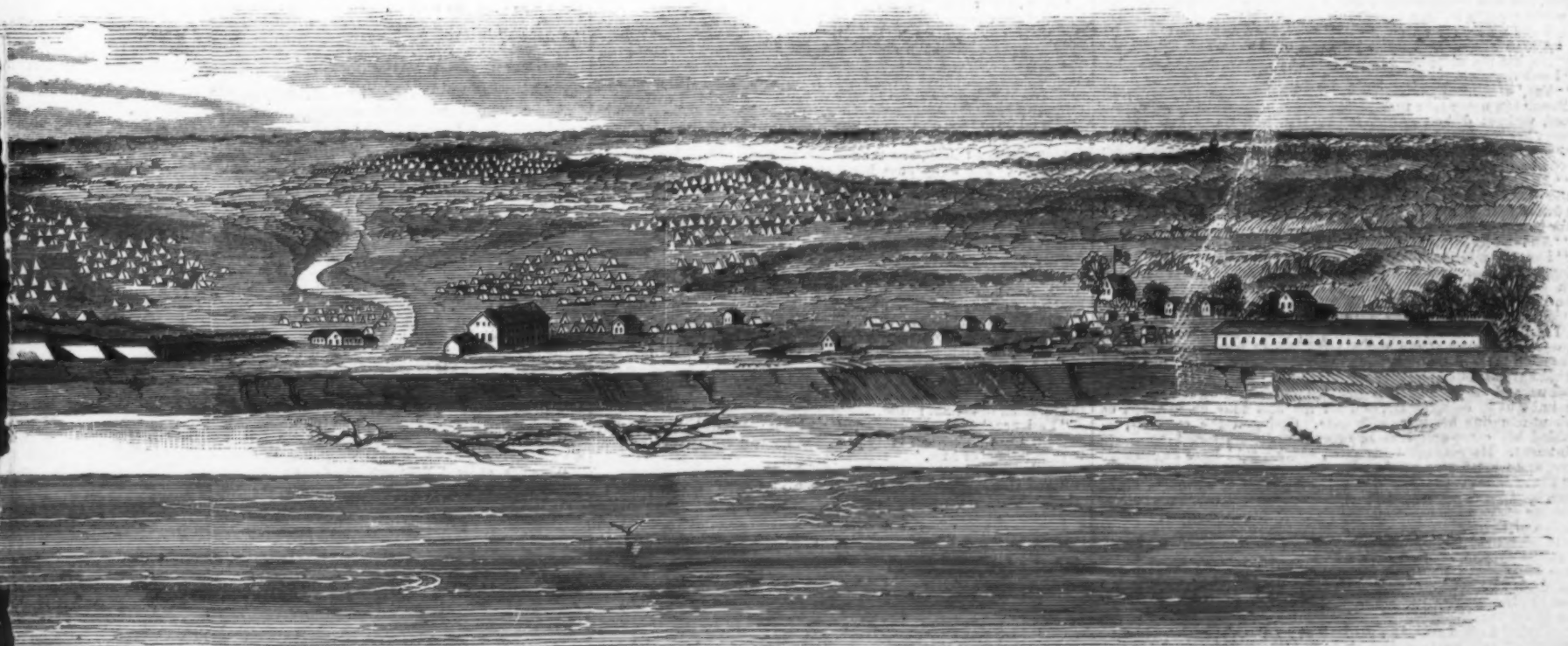
OF THE U. S. GUNBOAT SENECA, NOVEMBER 14TH.—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD.—SEE PAGE 39.



ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



BUILDING ON BAY POINT, NEAR FORT BEAUREGARD, OCCUPIED BY THE NATIONAL FORCES AS A HOSPITAL.—SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



NATIONAL TROOPS AT HILTON HEAD, PORT ROYAL, S. C.—FROM A SKETCH MADE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD THE STEAMER STAR OF THE SOUTH.—SEE PAGE 39.

(From the French of Scribe, for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

CARLO BROSCI;

OR,

THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

IV.

"As soon as I was able to continue my journey, I embarked for Naples. I did not, however, return to Sorrento, whose happy shores and smiling village had become painful memories, but took up my residence in the Castle of Arcos, whose sombre towers inspired a sadness which well accorded with my feelings. A part of the pile had been built on high rocks, at the base of which rushed a furious torrent; and at the bottom of the abyss was certain death and everlasting rest. Often I had paused on the brink of this fearful torrent, and the thought had entered my mind to repose in its depths, but the voice of God restrained me. The roaring of the waters as they rushed along shouted the warning of an everlasting punishment, and I refrained from seeking my end, that I might bear a longer and more terrible trial.

"A month had elapsed since Carlo's departure, and, faithful to his promise, he returned to Sorrento, but not finding me there, he hastened to Arcos. Had I been ignorant of his treachery, his sadness and trouble would soon have torn the veil from my eyes. Too frank to withhold my reproaches, I narrated to him what I had seen and heard, promising at the same time my silence upon the secret on which depended his life. He never interrupted me, but when I had finished he handed me a letter.

"You will speak of this to no living being, not even to me." The letter was from the queen, and contained these words: "I know of no one, Carlo, who is more devoted to the king than you; he has no servant more faithful, nor councillor more enlightened. By his life which I owe to you, by the love which I bear him, by the interest which I take in his happiness and the welfare of his people, I entreat you to listen no more to vain fears, but brave the prejudices which we ourselves defy. What matters your birth? Contemn for our sakes the insults of the court, and be our minister as you are our friend. I await you at Aranjuez on the twentieth of this month."

"To-day," said Carlo, "is the twentieth, and I am not at Aranjuez; I am at Arcos, with a friend, who accuses and suspects me, and whom I never wish to leave again."

"You will remain, Carlo?"

"Whilst I live—whilst you do not say 'Go!'"

"And you will refuse this extraordinary favor?"

"I have begged you to speak of it no more. The services which I have rendered to my king, the favor with which he honors me, proceed from causes which I cannot reveal. You will perhaps know them but too soon; it is the last and only secret which I will keep from you. Let this free me from your suspicions."

"And taking up a pen he wrote,

"MADAME—

"The kindness with which his highness the king and yourself have distinguished the obscure and unknown Carlo has already excited too much envy. To what end should I become minister? The insults of which I am the object would not stop at myself, but might be directed still higher. By the devotion, madame, which I bear to you and the king, and by the happiness and glory of his reign, I entreat you to allow me to decline the eminent post which your majesties have kindly pressed upon me, for in refusing it I sincerely wish to serve you. And I would solicit still another favor—permit me to live in the solitude and obscurity which alone suit me. I write this from Arcos; and, since the day when your majesties designed to grant pardon to the Countess of Popoli, you know my feelings towards her; sentiments which perhaps will never attain their end, but which will endure until my death. May your majesties deign to accept the assurances of my most profound devotion."

"When I had read this letter he sealed it and sent it off immediately.

"Now," said he, "have you any more doubts?"

"Nothing but remorse for my suspicions, and in a few days I hope to appease it."

"In truth, I hastened to make all the reparation in my power. I wrote in secret to Theobaldo that I wished to see him in a few days, as I had an important service to ask of him. A week afterwards, to the surprise of Carlo, the cardinal's carriage rolled into the courtyard.

"After seven years of absence we found ourselves again united, in the castle where we had passed the days of our youth, in the spot which had been witness of our pleasures and our friendship, of our dreams and of our vows—vows which we had kept, and dreams which had been so miraculously realised. But what a change! Formerly, in these very halls, poor, unknown and uncertain of our future, we had been gay and joyous; to-day, rich and powerful, unhappiness had marked us as his prey. My former brilliant color had vanished; the forehead of Theobaldo was ploughed with precocious wrinkles, and Carlo was the saddest of the three. With tears in our eyes we exclaimed,

"All, all is changed, except our hearts."

"My friends," said I, "it is just seven years to-day since Carlo left us. Fate owes us some reparation for that unfortunate hour, and, Carlo, for my wrongs and the benefits that you have done me, I would make some return. In eight days the term of my widowhood will expire; in eight days I desire Theobaldo to unite us on this spot."

"Carlo threw me a glance of thanks and happiness.

"I will not bless this marriage," said Theobaldo, coldly.

"Why?"

"Madman! do you not see that this marriage, formerly so practicable, has now become impossible? Can you not comprehend that all would reprove it; that the most noble lady in Naples, Countess of Popoli and niece of the Duke of Arcos, cannot marry—"

"A man without nobility and without birth?"

"No, but the murderer of her husband!"

"I was thunderstruck.

"Yes," continued the cardinal, "the hand that smote the Count of Popoli can never take that of his widow, without shame and reproach, without dishonor; and if you love her, Carlo, you should respect her name and not cover it with infamy."

"But the count," said I, "declared before his death that he fell loyally in a combat which he had provoked."

"And if he made that declaration to keep you chaste and pure in the eyes of the world, do you know on what conditions? Do you not know that to preserve your name, I promised that you should never be united to his opponent?"

"And did he ask these conditions?"

"I am the minister of God, and I cannot reveal the words of the dying, or the secrets of the confessional; but here I attest, and my oath should be sufficient, that in blessing this marriage I should offend God."

"With these words he left us in consternation and despair.

"I could not conceal from myself that such a union would appear strange in the eyes of the world, but I had at least expected from Theobaldo more gentleness and charity. The voice of friendship should have softened the severity of religion; he should have consoled us, and yet he had departed without one word of sympathy. He knew us to be unhappy, and for the first time he had left us without mingling his tears with ours. Carlo, on the contrary, redoubled his cares and love in order to make me forget our disappointment. He concealed his grief, which would have augmented mine, and treated me with the utmost tenderness.

"Three months passed thus in the delirium of a passion whose struggles each day gained ground upon our courage. Each day the menaces of Theobaldo effaced themselves from my memory, and the opinion of the world sounded more feebly in my ears; the voice of Carlo prevented me from hearing it. For some weeks I had remarked a change in his health which gave me great anxiety; for three months the continual struggles of love against opinion had heated his brain and inflamed his blood. I remarked a confusion of ideas in his conversation, and sombre despair was the only expression of his burning eyes.

"Carlo," I often said, "do not look at me thus."

"Alas!" said he, "my sufferings are great, and soon I hope to die. I would hasten the moment—it is easy, but although I do not fear death, I am not so sure of it."

"And while thus speaking, sobs and tears smothered his voice.

"One day the air was hot and sultry, and the lowering clouds foreboded a heavy storm. We were seated in the park, and I had been speaking to Carlo, who did not answer me.

"You have a burning fever."

"Yes, it is many nights since I have slept, and wakefulness makes me more unhappy, for it doubles my days, whilst I would abridge them."

"He spoke with so much courage and resignation that all my resolution abandoned me. I thought of nothing but Carlo—Carlo whom I was about to lose—Carlo who was dying.

"Listen," said I; "we have had enough of misfortune, and none can blame us for at last succumbing before it. Should I present you before the world and say, 'This is my saviour, my lover, my husband,' the opinion of men would condemn us. But why avow this? If Theobaldo, if our only friend forsakes us, are there not other priests who will unite us in secret?"

"Carlo made a movement of surprise.

"I do not know," I continued, "whether such a marriage would be legal, but in my eyes it is so; for before God, who hears me, I swear that I regard you as my husband, for you are more dear to me than life."

"This unexpected declaration was too much for the weak frame of Carlo, and to my intense grief the shock brought on an attack of brain fever. For eight days he hovered between life and death; at the end of that time the fever abated, but his reason did not return.

"It will come back soon," said the doctor to me; "a little more time, good nursing, and no excitement, will work wonders."

"It proved true. In a few days Carlo was sensible, and his first words were of his approaching marriage.

"She loves me—loves me more than life. But when will the marriage take place?"

"When you have recovered."

"That will be soon, for now I am happy."

"And then he would trace out imaginary scenes for the future, pictures which gave us a foretaste of the happiness which we were to enjoy.

"Leaning upon my arm, he one evening took a promenade in the park, and on our return to the castle we were informed that a man was waiting for him. We entered the room, and the visitor rose. It was his father, Gherardo Broschi.

"A year has passed, and I have come again," said the old man. "As he spoke Carlo looked at him with an attentive air, as if trying to recall his features. At last his memory seemed to return, for, striking his forehead with rage,

"My father!" he cried, in an angry voice, and seeing in the room an old hunting-piece, he aimed it at the unfortunate parent. I threw myself between them, signing the old man to leave; he disappeared in the park, and the fatal weapon dropped from the hands of his son.

"You see," said he, "my passion masters me; had it not been for you, I would at this moment have been a parricide—a criminal in the eyes of man, although God would know that madness drove me to it."

"He became sad and dejected, and, to raise his spirits, I spoke to him of our marriage.

"When will it take place?"

"To-morrow, if you wish."

"He pressed my hand tenderly, saying, as he left the room,

"Till to-morrow, then."

"At this moment Gherardo came back. He wished to see his son and embrace him.

"I had much trouble to persuade him to forego the happiness, for in Carlo's present state the sight of his father might bring on a relapse of the fever.

"If it must be so," said the old man, "I am satisfied; his health before everything. Farewell, son."

"But, spite of his farewell, he took a long time in leaving the castle, and even after he had passed the gate he wandered round the walls. Carlo's room was above the torrent, and the servants had seen Gherardo seated on the other side of the precipice, eagerly watching the windows of his son, anxious to catch even a reflection of his features.

"Alas! the poor old man never saw him again.

"The next morning Carlo did not appear at breakfast. I sent one of the servants to let him know that I was waiting. His door was closed; the man knocked, and, receiving no answer, entered. The room was deserted, the bed untouched, and the candles burnt down to the sockets. The trace of a foot was upon the window-sill, and the rocks below were stained with blood. A paper on the table afforded the clue to his end; it contained an immense sum in bank notes and a will, leaving his whole fortune to me. A postscript at the end said that, fearful of becoming a parricide, he had sought his own end.

"Thus I lost the companion of my childhood and the friend of my youth. Thus Fate, which baffles all our schemes and projects, prevented us from being united upon earth. But, my friends, I need no comfort; for God has taken pity on my grief and abridged the days of my sorrow. Soon, my beloved Carlo, I will meet thee in Heaven!"

V.

DURING this recital, the Countess of Popoli had more than once been interrupted by the tears which involuntarily flowed at the recollection of her misfortunes and unhappiness. This Carlo, so eccentric and so generous, with so noble a heart and with so heartrending a fate, this mysterious person who died without revealing his secret, had excited a lively curiosity in Ferdinand, and a corresponding interest in Isabella. Her enthusiastic imagination could easily conceive the love and grief of Juanita, and to her Carlo had become a hero. Had she known him she would have loved him with all the strength of her soul, for this was the passion of which her romantic heart had dreamt; and every moment she interrupted her sister, making her repeat the most trifling circumstances of her story.

"Now, my friends," said Juanita, "you know the history of my life, and the circumstances in which I am placed. All my estates in the kingdom of Naples will revert to my sister, but those which have been paid for by the riches of Carlo I can only deliver to you as a sacred trust. I have never seen Gherardo Broschi since the death of his son, but should he ever return, all this fortune belongs to him. You have sworn to me; and, thanks to your promise, I can now accept the conditions of the Duke of Caravajal."

The following week was fixed for the signing of the contract, and in a few days the happiness of the lovers would be secured. But Juanita, ill and failing, became so weak that she could not leave her apartment. For some days her illness had made great progress; whether it was that the disease had reached its last stage, or whether the emotions roused within her had struck a fatal blow at her delicate constitution, it was impossible to say.

Isabella, remarking the decline of her sister, declared that all thought of festivity and joy should be deferred, and that she would neither sign the contract nor consent to the marriage until Juanita was sufficiently recovered to assist at the ceremony. In these resolutions she persisted, and, to the despair of Ferdinand, the day of happiness was again postponed, his only consolation being in visiting his betrothed, who never left the bedside of her sister.

Isabella had noticed that the only way to call a smile to Juanita's lips was by talking of Carlo, and constantly made use of that expedient.

"I shall never see him more," said Juanita; "but could I only meet Gherardo, I would die content, carrying to my beloved Carlo the blessing of his old father."

"Patience," replied Isabella, "patience; he will return. He promised to visit his son every year, and he will surely come to you to gain tidings of him."

"Vain illusions!"

"And why? Why should not Heaven perform a miracle for you, who are an earthly saint?"

"Silence!" cried Juanita, and pointing to the window opposite her bed, she continued,

"My departing reason raises up shadows to my sight, for whilst speaking I thought I saw, behind the lattice-work, the figure of Gherardo Broschi. It was either he or his shadow that regarded me pityingly."

Isabella opened the door which led into the garden. Steps were audible on the pathway, and Ferdinand started in pursuit of a man, just vanishing behind a clump of trees. In a short time he returned with his captive.

"Is it you, Gherardo, who fly from me?"

"It must be, señora, it must be; otherwise could I have renewed

seeing you, whom I educated, you, the protectress and friend of my beloved Carlo?"

"You know, then, that he is dead?"

"I know it."

"We have his fortune to place in your hands."

"Let it rest; all that Carlo has done is well. I wish nothing; all that I ask of Heaven is to see you once more in health."

"It is impossible, for my last moments are very, very near; but it depends on you to soften them. Remain with me, and do not leave me. You will promise it, will you not?"

The old man appeared embarrassed.

"What, will you refuse me?"

"I must, señora."

"And why?"

"I am expected elsewhere."

"To-day?"

"This very evening."

"I beg you, in the name of Carlo, who sees us from above! My God, why is he not here to close my eyes and receive my last sigh?"

And in her love and grief she addressed to him such tender and moving farewells that Isabella and Ferdinand burst into tears, and the old man seemed a prey to the most violent emotion. At last, falling on his knees, he cried,

"I will yield, should he curse me again, should he kill me! You shall see him, señora, you shall see him!"

"Who?" asked Juanita, to whom every word had given new life.

"Listen," said the old man, whose emotion showed itself in the incoherence of his story. "I was seated on the rocks above the torrent, the night was cold, but I did not feel it. I was watching his window; there was a light in the room, and I saw him walk up and down as if he were in anger. Suddenly he opened the window and looked down upon the precipice, 30 feet distant. He jumped out, and fell into the torrent; I threw myself after him, caught him, and drew him fainting upon the rocks. I thought him dead, but he had only broken an arm in his fall, and from the sharpness of the rock, received a contusion on his head, which bled freely. I knew not what to do. Day commenced to break at last, and I climbed up the precipice to call succor from the castle. On the road I met a post-chaise carrying the Cardinal Bibbiena, who was going to pay you a visit. With his own hands he helped me to carry Carlo to the carriage, and we set off on our journey. On the road Carlo returned to his senses, and when he discovered what I had done, he said,

"I owe you two lives; let us forget the first, and only remember this." And he gave me his hand, pardoned me and cursed me no more. But this is not what I have to tell you. It was of you, señora, that he spoke unceasingly.

"As she thinks me dead, let me be ever so to her," said he.

"Yes," rejoined the cardinal, "for your happiness and hers, be it ever so."

"And then he made him swear never again to trouble your tranquillity, and never to let you know that he yet lived. I, too, was obliged to take the oath. As soon as Carlo recovered, he embarked for England, but before his departure he commissioned me to watch over you. Since then I have never ceased to follow you, and to write to him, 'I have seen her.' For the last few weeks I have written, 'She is ill,' and he returned."

"He is then here?"

"Yes; in spite of the cardinal, who followed to dissuade him, he came to Granada, where he now lives during the day, whilst at night he conceals himself in the gardens, sending me forward for intelligence. On this mission I was just now surprised, and I have broken my oath for your sake."

"God will pardon you, and Carlo also; but if he would see me living, let him come immediately."

And whilst the old man hastened from the room, she rapidly wrote some words on a paper, which she gave to Ferdinand.

"This to Cardinal Bibbiena."

The door opened, and Carlo entered. Juanita turned pale, but without a word she gave him her hand in sign of pardon; he took it, covering it with kisses and tears.

"Why weep, Carlo?" asked she. "I am happy; for, thanks to God! I have seen you again. But you, who loved me so, why did you ever leave me?"

"It was the will of Heaven, Juanita."

"I know that a terrible secret separated us, but you can reveal it to me now. Unburthen to me all your sorrows, and you will render the last moments of my life doubly happy."

He approached the bed of Juanita and whispered a few words in her ear. A ray of joy lightened her face.

"Ungrateful friend, and is it only in this moment that you have confidence in me? Have you ever doubted my love, and do you forget the happy days we passed together upon the shores of Sorrento?"

She stopped on seeing Ferdinand and the cardinal.

"Theobaldo, I know all. I accused you of harshness and severity when you faithfully fulfilled the duties of friendship. Pardon me, my friend."

She gave him her hand, and this priest whose severe and immovable features betokened the inflexibility of his heart, gave way to his feelings and he bathed her hands with tears.

"You will live, Juanita; you must live for the happiness of your friends."

"No, I feel that the fatal moment is fast approaching, and therefore I have sent for you."

And with looks of tenderness at both, she continued:

"Companions of my youth, I have wished to see you around me at my death, that my life might finish as happily as it began. Now that I know all, Theobaldo, you will not refuse to unite us. Let me die his wife; to my last hour let me owe that blessing, the aim and object of my whole life."

The priest seemed a prey to an inward struggle, then taking the hand of Carlo he placed it in that of Juanita, and, with a voice convulsed with emotion, he pronounced the marriage service, invoking on them the blessing of God. The newly-made wife, worn by the excitement of the last few moments, pressed his hand, and imprinting a kiss upon the forehead of Carlo, she pointed upwards with her finger.

"My well-beloved, my husband, there will I await thee."

And Juanita was no more.

Three months passed, and at last Ferdinand spoke to his betrothed of marriage.

"I intend to enter a convent," she calmly replied.

And to all his entreaties she answered,

"I know your virtues, and I will ever esteem and love you, but I will not marry. I shall take the veil."

Arid, unable to conquer her obstinacy, he resolved to ask the aid of Carlo and Theobaldo, who were then at Madrid.

On the eve of his departure the Duke of Caravajal again forbade the marriage.

"Why?" asked the unhappy bridegroom.

"You know as well as I the objections to this union. My aim was that in place of the titles and dignities which I had a right to expect in the wife of my son, our house should at least gain some strength by an acquisition of wealth, and I permitted you to love the niece of Arcos on the sole conditions that Juanita should not marry, and should transfer all her estates to her sister."

"She has bequeathed all those that belong to her as you wished."

"It is possible; but the hotel and gardens of Alhambra, which she owns in this city, the estates of Valencia—"

"All these are the property of her husband."

"True, she is married, and it is with this that I reproach her. To marry a few moments before her death! Could she not have waited a little longer?"

"But this union rendered her happy."

"No matter, she had given her word. And besides this, to marry a Carlo Broschi, of whom nobody ever heard."

"He has, at least, the merit of being rich."

"He keeps it to himself, and I swear that you, Ferdinand de Caravajal, shall never be the brother of Carlo Broschi. I refuse my consent."

"Alas! she has already withdrawn her own."

"So much the better—there will be less disappointment."

Isabella had requested the superior of the convent to which she had retired to grant her a dispensation, as she wished to take the veil. The abbess replied that she had no power to do so, but as Cardinal Bibbiena would arrive in a few days, an application could be made to him.

Immediately upon his arrival, Ferdinand paid him a visit, imploring his influence to gain the consent of both his father and his betrothed.

"The duke may be persuaded," said Theobaldo; "it will not be

the first time that his sentiments have changed. But is it in accordance with my calling to dissuade her from her wish to follow a religious life?"

"She does not desire it. She was educated in a convent, which she detested, and it is only within three months that the whim has seized her."

"What motive has she to return?"

"I do not know."

"And she still loves you?"

"As much as ever, but she will not marry me."

"Her reason?"

"I know not!"

Next day the abess presented to the cardinal a petition from one of the novices asking a dispensation; the letter was signed "Isabella d'Arcos." The cardinal refused, and Isabella threw herself at his feet supplicating his consent. She took this step to save herself from a culpable and irresistible passion. She loved Carlo. Him alone would she marry, and as she would not burden Ferdinand with this sorrow, she wished to enter a convent. Not that she did not love Ferdinand, but with a more equal and natural feeling; with him she could have passed her days in peace and tranquillity, but to this serenity she preferred the tempestuous gusts of passion which she felt for Carlo. Her romantic disposition envied the torments and misfortunes of her sister, and fatigued by the struggles of contending feelings, she desired to take refuge from the storm in the quiet life of a nun. But Theobaldo well knew the unhappiness of which these sudden resolutions are productive, and at a glance he saw the cause for this sick heart.

"My daughter," said he, "I will save you spite of yourself."

"It is impossible, for my sole thoughts are of Carlo."

"Carlo himself will oblige you to forget him."

"Heaven grant it, but I defy him and you, my father."

Theobaldo departed without granting her request, and she condemned the tyranny which deferred the period of her slavery; but her indignation knew no bounds when she was informed of an act infinitely more unjust and severe.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"MARRIAGE," said an unfortunate husband, "is the graveyard of love."

"And young men," replied the not less unhappy wife, "are the gravediggers."

A STUDENT went into a bookstore and inquired of the proprietor if he had any pocket Testaments in Greek.

"In Greek?" echoed our good friend, hesitatingly; "I believe not, sir; but I have a lot of elegant ones in morocco."

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